The English Review

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The English Review

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CURRENT COMMENTS

By Derek Walker-Smith

March, 1937

The Defence Loan

THE decision of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to finance Defence by a loan, as was predicted by Mr. Collin Brooks in the last issue of the ENGLISH REVIEW, will be very generally welcomed. If one assumes—as everybody except a few purblind politicians does assume—the necessity for expenditure on national defence, the only question was as to the best method of raising the money for that expenditure. The two methods available were those of a loan and an increase in direct taxation. As it seems to be generally agreed that a small increase in the rate of income tax is probable in any event, the choice could more accurately be defined as one between a loan and a small increase in taxation on the one hand and a heavy increase of perhaps a shilling in the pound on the income tax on the other hand. We are already the most heavily taxed nation in the world; and no doubt it was a matter of surprise to the intelligent foreigner that we should have held that unenviable position without the elementary return of adequate national defence. The adequate national defence we must have, but a further large increase in direct taxation would cast a burden on industry at the very moment of its apparent revival. The first condition of national survival is to be in a position successfully to resist attack. The second condition, as has been pointed out in the ENGLISH REVIEW more than once is a measure of success in the effort to recapture our export

markets. The effect of a heavy increase in direct taxation would have undoubtedly been to discourage the spirit of enterprise in industry which can alone affect this object. A loan need have no such effects, and Mr. Chamberlain is to be congratulated on his decision.

The Factory Bill and Physical Fitness

OUR Parliamentary representatives have been discussing the provisions of the Factory Bill, which is dealt with in more detail by Mr. Alexander in another part of this issue. It is generally agreed that the Bill, while containing much that is good in principle, will require a good deal of revision on detail in the Committee stage. A point of importance, which is in the minds of many at the present time, is made by Mr. Alexander when he raises the query as to whether under existing conditions the Government's physical fitness campaign is likely to meet with much response as far as week-days are concerned. The combined effects of a long day's work, coupled with two long journeys to and from it, is not such as to render the average citizen in the best condition for eager enjoyment of a class of physical jerks. The first requirement to make effective such a campaign is a concentration on the effort to enable workers to live closer to their places of business. Nothing is perhaps more detrimental to national health, national physique, and national morale, too, than long journeys undertaken in crowded conditions at least two and possibly more times a day. It is gratifying to observe on this point that the Municipal Reform Party in their manifesto for the London County Council elections have pledged themselves to do all in their power to house workers near their work.

Physical Fitness and Bureaucratic Control

ON the general subject of physical fitness and conditions in industry a note of warning should be sounded which is all too rarely heard these days. Care should be taken to see that Government or Bureaucratic control of these things is not pressed too far. We are not a people who take kindly to regimentation, and it is not impossible that too much bureaucratic zeal may diminish rather than

increase the amount of healthy exercise and recreation. Nor is the case for Government interference in these matters logically made out. In totalitarian States, which insist on the duty of the citizen to co-operate in matters of national defence and enforce it by conscription, the case is clearly and logically made out. But in a State run on democratic and individualist lines, where there is no conscription and pacifist agitators are at liberty to obstruct recruiting, the case is not so well made out. Except in the interests of defence there can be no call for them to organize our present sports and pastimes into something approaching the routine of that mixed blessing, the system of compulsory games at public schools. We give the Government every credit for good intentions, and think that there is much good work that the Council may do. But let them confine this work so far as possible to providing opportunity and example. We do not want the dead hand of planning to reach even to our traditional English sports.

Social Conditions and the Struggle for Existence

THE provision of opportunity is the main desideratum in these matters. This is by no means the easy thing that amateur enthusiasts are so apt to believe it to be. We are faced in this country with the difficult position that we are in fact engaged in an industrial struggle for existence with other nations having a lower standard of life and therefore cheaper industrial costs. If we are to survive this struggle, as survive it we must if we are to go on at all, intensive effort is necessary in order to offset our greater industrial costs. At the same time it is most important that there should be no retrogression in the standard of life of the working population; on the contrary, it is desired to provide conditions for its improvement. But to pursue these two objects simultaneously is clearly an object of some difficulty, requiring not only pious intention but constructive suggestion. Pious intention, as volubly expressed by sentimental amateurs, leads easily to-day in the field of publicity; it does not, however, win success in the field of achievement. As has been emphasized from time to time in these columns in the

ENGLISH REVIEW, the method of advance in matters pertaining to industry is that of industrial co-operation between the various elements in the industry, drawing initiative and organization alike from informed sources within the industry. The two methods were seen in contest in a debate in the House of Commons just before the Christmas recess on the question of annual holidays with pay. The Bill was enthusiastically supported by those of pious intention on the grounds that it is a nice thing to be paid while on holiday. This was perhaps not the whole issue, but there was very little evidence in the speeches of those supporting the Bill that they had made any effort to correlate the provision of this amenity with our other great problem of industrial survival. It was pointed out by an opponent of the measure as it stood that the putting into operation of such a measure was a considerably more difficult business than the promoters of the Bill imagined. He illustrated this fact by pointing out that the Bill as drafted would exempt from its operation the million workers employed in the building industry. He further related how the provisions for wet time in the building industry, which had presented practical difficulties not dissimilar to those of holidays with pay, had been worked out by that system of industrial consultation and co-operation in the building industry to which reference was made in these columns last month. The force of the argument is this: if some measure of reliance is placed on those who represent the various elements and interests in the industry, they will work out practical schemes for the social betterment of the industry, and will carry them effectively into operation. The only effect of legislating pious intentions, without relation to the practical difficulties, is to produce a reactionary spirit among those in whose hands is the difficult task of the conduct of industry, and the consequent embittering of industrial relations at the very time when harmonious co-operation is essential to survival.

The Population Question

IT is not sufficiently often remembered that a condition precedent to the amelioration of the worker's lot is that

he should continue to exist. Reference has been made before in the ENGLISH REVIEW to the declining rate of population, which has been the subject of considerable investigation, notably by Professor Carr Saunders, and on which informative statistics were included in a very well-documented and interesting work called the "Home Market," which was published in the course of last year.

The question was raised in Parliament in mid-February by two young Members, Mr. Cartland and Mr. Duncan Sandys, while a third Member in his twenties, Mr. Richard Pilkington, also contributed to the debate. As it is generally true to say that young Conservative Members have been too apt to miss the opportunities which Parliament presents, it is encouraging to observe this interest of the younger Members in a matter of fundamental importance. Figures have been published which show that, if present conditions continue, the population of this country in a hundred years' time will be only five million persons, of whom nearly half will be elderly. This is a fact of striking interest, whatever the deductions to be drawn from it. The Socialists tend to say that there may be something to be said for such a diminution in population on the grounds that there will be in such circumstances more jobs than people instead of more people than jobs. This is merely muddled thinking, as there is no guarantee that a diminution of population will have this desired result. The Home Market will inevitably shrink in proportion as the numbers decline, and as for the export market, if the general economic position is unsatisfactory, it is no more likely to be regained if there are five million people than fifty. It is, however, true to say that a shrinking population is a natural concomitant of a pacifism which refuses to defend its overseas resources and a defeatism which will not take up the task of competing in the markets of the world. An unarmed Britain must give up its overseas possessions, and reduce its standard of life and population in proportion. Conversely, if the population dwindles considerably, the country will no longer be able to retain its Imperial position from which flows its relatively high standard of life. We do not take the Defeatist position. We envisage the future

of this country not as a shrunken and insular province, depending for its existence on its low standard of life and the contemptuous neglect of its more substantial neighbours, but as a world dominion capable of maintaining the heritage of its imperial position and the high standard of life of its people, which depend upon it. If this view of the country's future is accepted, declining population must be a matter of concern. Various reasons have been advanced for it, but of these the two chief are economic and psychological. There is a feeling, in itself praiseworthy, among those sections of the community on whom falls the chief incidence of taxation, that no children should be born into the world unless they are to have as good a start as their parents. It need hardly be pointed out that the rate of taxation to-day makes this a very difficult criterion for the ordinary income-tax payer to satisfy. This consideration, therefore, acts as a limiting factor in the production of a family, and it is reinforced by the psychological reason. In the nineteenth century there was no general doubt that the bearing of children into the world was an advantageous thing not only for the world but for the children themselves. There was an almost unanimous belief in the continuity of progress, and a conviction that the children's lot would be happier than the parents'. It is more difficult to indulge in these comfortable reflections to-day. We live too much in the shadow of war and of a possible disruption of society. In these circumstances it is not altogether to be wondered at, though it is to be deprecated, that parents should hesitate to bring children into the uncharted dangers of the world.

The Will to Endure

WHAT can be done to meet this grave and difficult problem? It is essential to restore national confidence and the national will to endure. It is the duty of Government in this country to create conditions as stable as lies in human power to do. The chief requirement to this end is the guarantee, so far as such a thing can be guaranteed, of continued peace. This can only be guaranteed by the absence of provocative interference abroad, coupled with

the building up of an equipment of men and machines, which will make a defensive war unnecessary because none will be found to challenge its strength. The second task of the leaders of the nation is the re-creation, in such places as it may have lapsed, of that feeling that, in spite of danger, it is a glorious thing to be alive to share in the corporate work of national endeavour. This appears to be the spirit which has in part created, and in part been created by, the totalitarian States of Italy and Germany, where the standard of living is less high than our own. It may be, as Mr. Collin Brooks says in another part of this issue, that Britain must reduce its inflated standard of living, and all classes of the community must shed such luxuries as inflate the import side of the balance. The January trade figures, which show a welcome increase in exports, continue to show a considerable volume of such imports. It may be, therefore, that not only in the interests of our trade balance but of our prospects of maintaining a satisfactory rate of population, an inflated standard of living must be reduced. This does not mean a standard of life lowered in its essentials or really at all. Comfort must not be confounded with civilization, nor excess with a satisfactory standard of life. If the democracy of Britain can see its way to reducing simultaneously its luxury imports and its ideas of what is essential to livelihood, the present position of that democracy will be more secure and its future continuance more probable.

L.C.C. Elections and Political Responsibility

It is little use urging upon people a saner economic outlook with a view to their own ultimate economic advantage unless a better example is shown by the political leaders of the nation. Casual observers of the political situation may have noticed a tendency, which can hardly have escaped the serious student of politics, to put the cart before the horse in political propaganda. That is to say, if a political party wishes to commend its work in the sphere of housing or education to the electorate, it probably does not rely on the number and quality of houses built or the number of children made literate, but on the amount

of money which has been spent on these activities irrespective of the results produced. It is rather as if the bankrupt were adjudged to be the best business man because, although he has produced no results, he has cost other people a lot of money. This has always been a favourite method of Socialist propaganda, and the Socialist Party is producing it vigorously with a view to capturing the unwary confidence of the Metropolitan electorate at the coming London County Council Election. It seems to have escaped the attention of the spendthrift Socialist majority on the London County Council that the Municipal Reform Party, judged by the acid test of achievement, have produced better results at less cost. It is the duty of the Municipal Reform Party to impress this fact upon the electorate and enter a vigorous caveat against the prevailing impression that the only criterion of administrative efficiency is the extent to which this public money is expended. It is sometimes said that there is little or no difference between the Socialist Party and their right wing opponents in the London County Council. But this difference of outlook is more than a point of difference of detail or even of policy: it is a difference of principle of the first magnitude, for with it is bound up the whole question of responsibility or irresponsibility in public affairs. A vote cast for the Socialists is a hastening of the collapse of our political system in the headlong rush of irresponsible administration and pauperization of the people, which are everywhere the inevitable results of their policy.

Salus Populi

It is not only, however, as illustration of this principle that the London County Council Elections of this year are of prime importance. It should not be forgotten that the plunge into anarchy in Spain was originally effected by the capture of Municipal administration by the left wing. There are not wanting signs that the Socialist Party in this country is aware of the possibility of extending from Municipal to National control. It is not to be thought for instance that the Communist Party is really particularly

interested in the administrative issues of the London County Council Election. The Communists see it rather in the nature of a national rehearsal for victory along a wider front. The disaster that would be implicit in a Socialist victory at the London County Council Elections must be averted at all costs, not only in the interests of the rate-payers of London, not only in defence of the principle of responsibility of Government, but also in the light of the international situation as existing to-day. Mr. Morrison has strangely united a desire for intervention in Spain with a determination to use his position to obstruct the necessary work of rearmament and recruiting for defence. The shabby record of the Socialist majority on the London County Council in this respect is well known. It is the vital issue of the election. There could be no invitation more encouraging to a potentially hostile power than the spectacle of the government of the capital city of the Empire in the nerveless hands of those who refuse to co-operate in the urgent business of defending it. That spectacle must not be presented ; that invitation must not be tendered ; that encouragement must not be held forth. The termination of the Socialist control of London is the best, if not the only, guarantee of London's survival. If London fails to do its duty on March 4th there may be no London County Council Election in 1940 ; for there may be by then no London to govern or live in.

Agricultural Notes

By Rusticus

Up to the time of writing these notes there has been practically continuous rain for a fortnight. It has meant that ploughing has been held up and on one or two days the sheep had to come off the roots in low-lying parts of the field. Even the dung-cart has been stopped to save cutting up the ground, and all this in a well-drained upland country. It is difficult to find any work for the men to do in such weather. I have carted stone wherever possible and filled up ruts in the yards and gateways. The Church Council, which as a result of united effort is still fortunate enough to do decent estate work and spurn cement, decided to renew the "pitched" pathway across the graveyard. These old "pitched" paths contain a lot more stone than is apparent, and one is glad nowadays to find quarried material waiting for removal. It is work like metalling roads and gateways and cutting briars that has been so much neglected since the post-war rise in wages.

It is hard to find employment for really wet days. There is a limit to lime-washing and tidying up the barns. The old days when there was winter work to do on the farms have gone, and now everything is milled or processed off the place. The buildings are no longer a factory for thrashing, winnowing, retting flax, butter-making and the like, but are mostly unused and redundant. The farm is become a mine for raw material, as I have written before, and when it cannot be worked labour is at a standstill.

* * *

Last month I wrote about feeding-barley. Since then I have taken general stock of my foodstuffs in view of the rising costs of bought-in commodities. The quality of my hay has been unusually good considering the terrible conditions under which it was made. The cowman, contrary to orders, cut out two bays at once and has exposed a broad elevation that reads almost like a chart of last summer's weather. Then another rick of lattermath that was put up on the 21st October is surprisingly sweet, although I have no doubt that the feeding value is low.

My vetches, too, have proved very useful, and there are few cheaper or more convenient homegrown feeds. My hay last summer was got up piecemeal, and I am sure that there is something generally to be learned from this forced experience. There is no doubt that haymaking should not be hurried, even in the best weather, and that hay made piecemeal and soon carried is of far higher quality than hay that has lain for weeks under a scorching sun. I was very interested to have this view confirmed on the wireless the other evening by a recognized authority.

My other great stand-by has been a good crop of roots. I am even saving pig food at the moment by feeding mangolds to the sows. What a tremendous amount of balderdash is written by scientists who try and clear the conscience of bad farming by pointing out that roots are all water. My grandfather had barely heard of concentrates and fattened stock on roots and barley. After all, the summer grasses are all water, while they do not reach down so far into the chalk and limestone as does the root to collect and store up calcium for the bleak sunless days of winter. There can be little doubt, too, that making calcium available is the secret of health quite apart from feeding values. We and our animals are little different from the fields and attribute nearly all our ills to acidity.

The National Farmers' Union Dinner was an unusually important event. Besides many distinguished personages connected with farming, there were present no less than three Cabinet Ministers, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Minister of Agriculture and the Secretary of State for Scotland. Three things to my mind stood out. They were the cold reception that Mr. Chamberlain received for suggesting that agriculture was having a share in the general trade recovery; the popularity of the re-elected President of the Union, Major Dorman Smith, and the complete moral collapse of Mr. Elliott. The best speech of the evening was made by Mr. Morrison but the tone was apprehensive, and although he held out hope for the future he took refuge in figures and the slaked exterior of the lawyer showed too little of the inner flame of the farmer's

son. However, it is early days, and I have heard the new Minister give evidence of understanding the problem.

The atmosphere of the dinner was unmistakable. I always feel at these gatherings nowadays that farmers want the duties of their industry defined, as they have been in other countries, and their right guaranteed in return to fulfil themselves according to the dictates of their particular localities. Farming wants discipline but not interference. A farmer's obligation to his soil and his labour is fixed and definable (as it always has been in strict leases for generations past) although Mr. Chamberlain cannot appreciate this point, as he said kind words about "adaptability," which may be possible in a factory, but has actually been the curse of British farming in the last fifteen years. If the agricultural community is not roused by a moral challenge, and given fair protection in return, the old unedifying grumbling will break out again and the atmosphere of truculent trade unionism will return to Bedford Square. For the moment there is an attitude of "enlightened aggression" in the Farmers' Union. If Major Dorman Smith can resist the compromises of politics, the lure of popularity and the side-tracks of economic detail, he may yet render a great service to the nation. However, he must remember that the task of a farmers' leader to-day is to enable his followers to desert their committees for their fields as much as to harry the political figurehead who temporarily graces the Ministry of Agriculture down the beaten track of enduring statesmanship.

The National Farmers' Union is the most effective organization in politics to-day. I wish that it would comprehend more of the whole industry of agriculture. If it could combine the long view of the landowner (*without investments*) with the solidarity of the *skilled* agricultural worker it could present an organized service to the nation instead of a sectional interest. The problem I set the Minister of Agriculture or the President of the N.F.U. is to double our rural population and at the same time keep down profits and the value of land. In other words, to dedicate our countryside again to reality as opposed to speculation and exploitation.

* * *

Some people have again become verbose about pasteurization. The vested interests having sold us a quantity of sterilizing chests and washing-basins want to take over for themselves any scant additional profits there may be in milk production. Such a step would put a premium on dirty milk and I for one should not like to drink nominally clean milk in a big city under such a régime.

There is no doubt that pasteurization should be resisted strongly if only on the principle of checking these scientific tergiversations and all the dislocation that they entail. In the first place, there is as much medical evidence in favour of fresh milk as to the contrary. Secondly, it is admitted that the process of pasteurization destroys as many beneficial as harmful bacteria. In any event, most of the milk consumed by adults is pasteurized by the forms in which it is taken, and for the young it is essential that its full feeding value should not be diminished.

Then, again, I have an awkward feeling with regard to the removal of the *Bacillus tuberculosis* from our human and animal life. I have never favoured the tuberculin test on the grounds that a herd of habitual non-reactors would have as little resistance to the inevitable infection of bovine tuberculosis as have many South Sea savages to the first encroachment of phthisis on the train of civilized contacts. When scientists discover a past or a harmful bacterium they plan its utter extermination. If they were farmers they would have more respect for the perverseness of Nature and would realize that a balance of good and evil is the most that can be expected in this world. There can be no doubt that the best guard against consumption is fresh food and fresh air and the sooner we decide whether milk is a fresh food or a poison the better.

Valhalla Lost

By Piers Clerk

"And shall Necker, the hind of Geneva, stretch out his crooked sickle o'er fertile France,
"Till our purple and crimson is faded to russet and the kingdoms of the earth bound in sheaves,
"And the ancient forests of chivalry hewn, and the joys of the combat burnt for fuel?"

(WILLIAM BLAKE.)

THIS is the battle for which Europe is arming. It is the battle for Christendom, for the ascending way of life against devices and machinery handled by Asiatics.

As Abel the shepherd is superior to Cain the cultivator, yet is killed by him, so Cain is superior to Solomon the builder, yet is killed by him, and Solomon is superior to Goldberg the usurer, profit-seeker and machine-maker, yet is killed by him.

These are the terraces down from Valhalla to Hell: Abel, Cain, Solomon and Goldberg.

Christendom has fallen to the fourth terrace while chasing a poisonous soap-bubble called Liberty. The battle will determine whether Christendom will turn and climb again or continue on its present course of progress.

Most of the men on the terrace have their hands perpetually in their pockets, partly to prove that they are doing nothing useful, partly because they are ill or wish to seem so, and partly to prevent their pockets being picked by their colleagues in Peace and Liberty.

Some are busy. Somewhere behind a huge screen called the Press you will find 45,000 French citizens fighting against the Spaniards in the forces of Moses Rosenberg, the Russian citizen, while near by on a dunghill a squad of correspondents and editors of respectable British newspapers heroically warn Englishmen and others of the danger to Civilization caused by an unknown German force which has not been discovered in Morocco.

Not far away the police are trying to stop a riot at a Peace meeting, a bishop is railing at a landowner for

allowing land to be ploughed which might have been a site for a lunatic asylum, and a stockbroker shouts, with his thumbs behind his braces, that there is nothing wrong with his country.

The battle for Christendom has raged for centuries and now the forces of Hell have the initiative, the supplies, the morale and the co-ordination, while the forces of Valhalla are full of traitors.

There are a few who " replace the liberalistic conception of the individual by the conception of a people bound by their blood to the soil," and who recognize that " Of all the tasks with which we are confronted, it is the grandest and most sacred task of man to preserve his race."

These are the reactionaries among the Gadarene swine, the outcasts whose heresy is health and whose crime is wisdom, the enemies of Goldberg terrace. They would turn and climb again towards Valhalla.

Christendom was not founded on a story, it is the culture of warrior-peasants who live as nations and choose Valhalla.

Who stands for Christendom ?

Not the preacher who depreciates our breed and history and teaches tolerance while the land is pawned and made a desert. Christendom is not served by vulgarity.

Nor the politician whose opinions are for sale.

He stands for Christendom who has seed worth sowing and sows it well, who farms his life as a good tenant to his Creator, who shows neither love for weeds nor pity for vermin, who is bred true to type as a warrior-peasant, gentle or base, and who is bound back to the wisdom of his ancestors and enlightened by their experience—for that is true religion.

> " I call heaven and earth to record this day
> " against you, that I have set before you life and
> " death, blessing and cursing : therefore choose life,
> " that both thou and thy seed may live."
>
> (THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.)

Factories and the National Physique

By L. D. Alexander

One of the many shocks that the nation received during the past year was Mr. Duff Cooper's declaration that nearly fifty per cent. of would-be recruits for the army are rejected for physical disabilities. One can only wonder why such a state of affairs was not proclaimed from the house-tops long ago, for it has aroused a nation-wide determination that steps must be taken to end this grave threat to our safety.

Let us face the fact that this terribly high percentage of ill-health is the legacy of the great Industrial Revolution of 150 years ago, and that now the pigeons have returned to the roost—pigeons which were bred in the foul slums, the lack of sanitation, the utter absence of planning, and, worst of all, in the indifference of many of those responsible for these conditions.

No Plague of Egypt can parallel the destruction to human health and human happiness that followed in the wake of the unheeding rush for riches by the industrialists of last century. "Rugged individualism" stands for ever condemned at the cenotaph of ill-health that it then raised and for which the nation now pays.

A great drive for better health is about to be launched, and it is good news to hear of the plans for physical training clubs and community centres. But there are vitally important preliminary steps which must first be taken, for without them the clubs and the community centres will stand as monuments, hollow and echoing, to yet another well-meant but ill-conceived effort.

Lord Horder in a telling speech in the House of Lords on the 10th November last summed up the position in a few trenchant words. He said: "Fitness for living and fitness for working can never be obtained by physical measures whether educational or recreational. There are still more basic things that are imperative: food, shelter, air and leisure."

The first of these four is having a great deal of attention, both from the public and from the experts, and need not be dealt with here. The second is also a matter of deep and widespread concern, and the rehousing of the slum dwellers is to-day the chief concern of every municipality where slums exist.

It is to ensure a greater share for industrial workers of the third and fourth of Lord Horder's basic needs that we must strive.

It is, I believe, widely held that if you feed children properly up to the age of fourteen, you thereby build up a physique that will be very difficult to break down, however bad the conditions and the surroundings in which that child may have to work during his 'teens, and afterwards. This may be the case where the child comes of good stock, and starts life with normal health. But we now have to deal with the children of a stock that has been shockingly impaired by the effects of a century and a half of bad housing, polluted atmospheres, disgracefully long hours of work (as often as not in equally disgraceful surroundings), bad ventilation and bad lighting.

The result is that we can no longer complacently leave the worker to bear up as best he can against adverse factory conditions. We must see to it that, not only from the age of fourteen to eighteen, but throughout his working life, he is not compelled to toil in places which, for lack of the bare necessities of life, will impair his health.

Only thus shall we be able to raise the physique of the nation as a whole to the required standard. It is clear, therefore, that this vital question requires measures that will be more far-reaching, more comprehensive and more thorough than any we have so far contemplated. Gymnasiums and recreational centres can only function when those for whom they are intended have not only the energy, but the time, to visit them. Without these two essentials they must remain empty, and much of the £2,000,000 to be spent, and what is equally important, an even greater amount of precious voluntary effort, will be utterly wasted. For there is no lack of volunteers, splendidly eager to forward this health campaign and to spare neither time nor

expense in the opening and running of such centres; I would ask them to pause for a little and to reflect that:

The worker may have had to get up long before dawn and travel in considerable discomfort to the factory or workshop.

He or she may have worked for ten and more hours in bad surroundings, possibly standing on his or her feet all day.

There is perhaps an exhausting journey home, at the end of which it will be necessary to wash and perhaps change.

Many of them will have to prepare their own food before they can at last sit down to a meal.

Is it likely that after all this they will have either the wish or the energy to turn out once more and spend more money and more energy in going to a gymnasium or club?

Before examining the law as it stands to-day—and let us be quite clear that it stands far behind the best modern thought and practice—it will be as well to mention that all factories come under the Home Office Factory Inspectors, who number only some 250, with about 243,000 factories under their charge; a grossly inadequate staff.

Each year the Chief Inspector of Factories publishes an Annual Report, which is always an admirable and very interesting document, and should be read by all who have the people's welfare at heart.

Let us consider some of the points he makes in his report for the year 1935.

At the outset we are brought up with a jolt, for in his foreword he writes: "Chapter IV (Hours of Employment) discloses several cases of gross overwork of young persons, almost incredible in these days. Also, the extent to which a period of employment approaching sixty hours a week has been adopted in certain districts is rather remarkable."

Readers will realize the seriousness of this last statement if they will bear in mind that the forty-eight-hour week is considered too long by the most advanced employers

in this country, and that a number of them are working on a forty-two–forty-five-hour week.

The Chief Inspector goes on to give illustrations, some of which I will repeat here:

"In the motor-car, motor-bicycle and cycle industries . . . most firms work fifty-five hours for six months of the year, and forty-eight hours for the rest of the year."

"In the polishing, plating and light metal trades a fifty-five hour week is usual."

"One firm employed women, including girls of 14 or 15, for the last three years from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., and on Saturdays up to 4 p.m."

"In a ribbon factory a fifty-four-hour week has been worked continuously for more than a year, the hours being 8 a.m. to 7 p.m., with one hour for dinner."

Is it possible to imagine that the unfortunate people who are subjected to these hours can have any time or energy or desire left for physical training? Yet they are very probably the people most in need of it.

And what is likely to be the effect on their children, the children of exhausted fathers and mothers? One thing is certain, that their physique will not reach the standard so necessary if our army is not to dwindle still more for lack of suitable men.

I should, perhaps, have made it clear that in the foregoing examples of excessively long hours for men the law sets no limits to them, and for women the legal maximum is sixty hours per week in the non-textile trades on top of which may come overtime. To the uninitiated these facts must seem hard to believe.

Farther on one is horrified to read that thirteen hours a day was the custom in a flour-mill and in a rubber-works, while in a silk-works, eighty hours a week on day shift and seventy-two hours a week on night shift was the regular practice. The wastes of Siberia to-day or Haile Selassie's former Empire can show no examples of slave-driving greater than these, but those who exploit their labour in this manner are breaking no law.

The Chief Inspector continues his report with almost incredible cases where boys were worked from 8 a.m. to

11 p.m. on several week-days, to which was added the fact that they had to cycle miles to and from their homes.

Such flagrant breaches of the law where it does happen to apply are not rare, and one wonders, in view of the small staff of Factory Inspectors, how many other gross abuses go undetected. It seems incrédible that in the cotton-spinning trade, where the legal limit for women and young persons is fifty-five and a half hours (and forty-eight by trade agreement), that anyone should have the nerve to make their women and juveniles work up to seventy-one hours a week. Yet it happened—and to make it worse it was found that the spells of work without a break ran up to six and three-quarter hours, and there was insufficient time for meals. These cases were, of course, taken to court and fines inflicted, but in the light of the enormity of the offence these fines look ridiculously small.

I have, I hope, said enough to show that in regard to hours and overtime there is urgent need for reform of the Factories and Workshops Act, now thirty-five years old, hopelessly defective in many respects, and to a great extent confused.

Drastic changes must also be made in regard to the conditions under which people work, for the present regulations regarding temperature, lighting, washing facilities, and several other essentials are hopelessly inadequate.

In regard to lighting, the Report mentions that the improvement in conditions is slow, and meanwhile the damage to the eyesight of thousands of workers continues. The Secretary of State for War mentioned that it was one of the chief causes of rejection of recruits. Very interesting facts are given on pages 19 and 20 of the Report to show that expenditure on installing good lighting repays the employer over and over again both in the quality and the quantity of the output.

Finally, it is not illegal to compel a woman to work up to the day before the birth of her child, and it often happens that she cannot afford not to do so.

In regard to safety regulations an alarming state of affairs is revealed. The Chief Inspector " regrets to report a substantial increase in the number of accidents notified,"

amounting to an excess of 32 per cent. over those for 1933, with fatal ones 22 per cent. higher. Accidents to young persons were, in 1928, 3 per cent. higher than those to adults, but last year they were 22 per cent. higher. The total reached the huge figure of just under 150,000 accidents. Here the reasons are numerous and in many cases technical, and there is no need to go into them in detail, but such things as stairs without a hand-rail, or hoists and lifts without automatic gates should not be permitted.

That these defects can be remedied, and almost ideal conditions attained has been shown by the practice and experience of good employers. One well understands their modesty and their disinclination to proclaim their good works from the house-tops. But it does seem as though this reserve has for far too long led to the general public remaining in complete ignorance of what can be, and has been, done.

What, then, is wanted to bring the law as regards hours and conditions into line with the best practice and theory of to-day?

First and foremost a new Bill. The Government, at the time of writing, have a new measure before Parliament, and it is important to be sure it contains the clauses necessary to remedy the present defects. It is even more important, however, that whatever its defects, it should be passed into law. It represents a great advance on the existing legislation, and the fate which overtook the excellent 1924, and almost equally good, 1926 Bill, neither of which ever reached the Statute Book, must not be allowed to overtake this one.

The great need for consolidation has been met, and the Bill is in this respect most comprehensive.

It also makes other major amendments, of which the most important is the abolition of the archaic distinction between textile and non-textile Factories and between Factories and Workshops; every establishment under the Act is classed as a "Factory." The present system whereby workshops, for certain purposes, come under the inspection of the local authorities, who often cannot

afford to maintain the necessary qualified inspectors, is abolished. All establishments will be under the Home Office and its Factory Inspectors. A considerable increase in their number is a *sine qua non* and the financial memorandum to the Bill recognizes this.

We now come to the vexed question of hours. Enough has already been said to make it clear that these are much too long in those trades where there has been no voluntary agreement to restrict them to the forty-eight-hour week prevailing in the organized industries.

The difficulty here is that men's hours are not, and have never been, regulated by law at all, with the exception of one or two dangerous trades, where the Secretary of State has issued Special Orders.

It is a matter of deep regret that the Government have not abandoned this outworn principle in their new Bill. There does not appear to be any reason against bringing the whole of industry into line with the voluntary agreements and legislating for a forty-eight hour week.

As regards restricting the employment period for women and children, there is not the same difficulty over a question of principle, since their hours have been regulated for many years past.

One is glad to see the period is to be limited to forty-eight hours a week, an improvement on the present-day figure of fifty-five and a half hours in the textile, and sixty hours in the non-textile trades.

But the benefit of this is very largely discounted by the overtime clauses, and in this respect the Bill shows a strangely retrograde tendency, for its provisions permit :

(a) Overtime for women and young persons over 16 in *all* trades ; 100 hours in the year (against sixty now) are allowed, and this overtime may take place in the factory during thirty weeks of the year.

(b) Clause 2 of Section 70 permits the period of employment for young persons to be twelve hours a day and women may work up to 9 p.m. at night. The total hours worked during the day may be as long as ten and a half.

(c) The clause dealing with seasonal overtime for press of work permits a further fifty hours per annum overtime.

(d) In section 78, dealing with iron smelting, paper and glass manufacturing and other specified trades, a fifty-six-hour week is possible for children UNDER 16 years of age working in shifts, and in section 88, covering factories where milk is treated, a sixty-hour week for women and juveniles over 16 is allowed.

In these points the Bill goes directly against all the canons of factory legislation hitherto. The clauses regarding general overtime are far from being progressive, for under them a week of fifty-four hours is possible. Worse still, in the clauses covering seasonal overtime, a fifty-seven-hour week is possible. This is not much advance on the law as it exists to-day, and one finds it hard to reconcile such blots in an otherwise mainly satisfactory measure.

In pleasant contrast the section dealing with the short day, by which work must cease at 1 p.m., is an admirable provision.

It is hard to imagine anything more destructive of a boy's health, and more likely to leave him prematurely aged than night-work, which the Bill still permits under the two-shift system, with all its attendant evils of meals at midnight or later, and consequently of disorganized households.

So much for hours and overtime, the most unsatisfactory part of the Bill; now let us turn to what has been done in the matter of welfare and safety. Here the picture is much brighter. The provisions regarding cleanliness, sanitation, lighting, temperature, drinking-water and ventilation, and safety, are a great advance on the law as it stands to-day, and the Secretary of State has wide powers to make special regulations where needed.

In regard to washing facilities, the Bill is rather disappointing, since it does not stipulate that such facilities must be provided in all factories, but only in those where the work is particularly dirty.

"Democracy also marches on its stomach," remarked Lord Horder recently, but in all too many workshops and factories this truism has never apparently occurred to the management. The new Bill does not make it

compulsory for all factories with, say, over 20 employees, to have a mess-room where they can take their meals.

Another point of great importance to the workers is the provision of accommodation for outdoor clothing to be hung up. On this particular issue, the Bill is not entirely satisfactory, since such accommodation need be provided only in certain specified trades.

Before young people are taken on as hands they have to pass a doctor who issues a certificate of fitness. In theory this sounds a perfectly adequate arrangement, but in practice the existing law needs tightening up.

The Bill has some eminently satisfactory provisions, but they apply only to juveniles up to the age of 16. This should be altered so that all young persons up to the age of 18 are included.

This brings us to the end of our survey of the provisions needed to make the new Bill a really satisfactory one. Sir Gerald Bellhouse has, however, recently mentioned a serious fault in the law to-day; this is the fact that the Secretary of State is to-day hampered by complicated machinery, which makes the establishing of any Special Regulations that he decides to issue, a very long process.

For he has, first of all, to publish notice of his intention to make regulations, and to try and inform all those who are likely to be affected. He then has to allow time for objections, consider those that are sent in, meet them if possible, by altering the regulations, or by getting the objections withdrawn. His endeavour is always to obtain an agreed code as it will be much easier to enforce; but even when this has come about, and the trade associations concerned have agreed, there will, perhaps, remain the objections of some individual firm, and until these can be disposed of, the regulations are still held up. The Bill now before Parliament contains provisions which will facilitate the Home Secretary's work.

To sum up, the provisions in the Bill for health, safety and welfare are good, but those which concern hours of work need much amendment. It is deplorable to think that men once more go unprotected and may still have to

continue working the appalling hours mentioned earlier in this survey.

The position of women would be very greatly improved were it not for the overtime clauses. In the case of children the provisions of the Bill lag far behind the ideas of all those anxious to see an improvement in the nation's health, and surely they are in a vast majority to-day. It is certain that no boy or girl working in a factory which may take full advantage of the law as it will be if the Bill goes through in its present form, will ever have the energy, and certainly not the time to attend physical training classes.

As I have said, this article does not pretend to deal with the subject exhaustively, but I hope it will serve to show the ordinary reader what is still needed in the new Bill. If it is possible to rouse a large number of the public to interest themselves in this measure, and to see that it is adequate and is passed into law this Session, the country will have made a great step forward to a higher level of health, and to solving the difficulties and the dangers that threaten us owing to the alarming dearth of recruits of suitable physique.

Canada at the Crossroads : Co-operation with Great Britain or North-American Isolation ?

By Sir Anthony Jenkinson

Toronto, July 15th, 1936

THE visit of President Roosevelt to Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor-General of Canada, at Quebec, on July 31st—almost immediately in advance of the Pan-American Conference to be held in August in Buenos Aires —has given rise to much speculation as to whether Canada, in the event of another European war, will attempt to co-operate with the United States in maintaining a strict North American neutrality. The President's visit, it is announced, will be entirely informal ; since, however, the success of an American policy of isolation would depend largely upon Canada's willingness to co-operate, the meeting is not without significance. At Buenos Aires the United States and the various South American countries will no doubt try to work out some plan by which the two American continents may isolate themselves from the next war. Their plan is likely to have serious flaws unless Canada is prepared to throw in her lot with the planners. Isolation can only be bought at a price. That price is largely one of loss of overseas trade, and the business men and farmers of the United States and South American countries would be less likely to pay it if they saw their neighbours across the Canadian border profiting by their own abstention. Again, a Canada determined to be neutral, would not permit herself to be a channel through which exports from America might reach European belligerents. More important still, if Canada were at war, her territory would be liable to attack, and the United States, in accordance with the policy of the Monroe doctrine, would be bound to take up arms to protect her. American neutrality, in fact, is unlikely to be effective unless partnered by a vigorous Canadian neutrality. What are the chances of Canada attempting to remain neutral in the event of another world war ?

Canada's position is complicated by reason of her triple capacity as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the League of Nations, and as a North American nation. For the purposes of the present discussion, however, her position as a member of the League may be ruled out. All along Canada has made it clear that she was not prepared to accept the full responsibilities of the Covenant; she was prepared to participate in economic sanctions, but not military sanctions. With the withdrawal of economic sanctions against Italy—a withdrawal which the Canadian Government endorsed—all likelihood of her joining in a League of Nations war was removed. The question, then, is reduced to this: Is Canada willing to fight to protect Great Britain or any other member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, or is she determined to make use of her position as a North American nation and join with the United States in an effort to make effective a policy of isolation?

First, let us consider the position of the major political parties in Canada. The Liberal Party, which at present holds 179 of the 245 seats in the House of Commons at Ottawa, and forms the Government under the leadership of Mr. Mackenzie King, is traditionally the "Anti-Imperialist" Party, whilst the Conservative Party, which now holds only 40 seats in the House, is supposedly the most wedded to the idea of Empire. To-day, however, anxiety to keep Canada out of war, as well as loyalty to the Empire, cuts right across the two major Parties. Mr. R. B. Bennett, Conservative leader, and former Prime Minister, said during the course of the campaign leading up to the General Election last November: "We will not be embroiled in any foreign war where the rights of Canadians are not involved." Mr. Mackenzie King, the present Prime Minister, emphasised during a recent debate in Parliament a statement made by his Government last October: "The Canadian Government at the same time desires to make it clear that it does not recognise any commitment binding Canada to adopt military sanctions, and that no such commitment could be made without the prior approval of the Canadian parliament." Mr. Bennett stated his sympathy with that declaration. The Prime Minister has also indicated that his Govern-

ment would not declare war without first having put the question to the vote of the Canadian people. According to Mr. Bennett, a Conservative Government would also initiate such a plebiscite. Both Parties, then, are apparently equally pacifist in their intentions.

Closer analysis of the two major Parties, however, reveals a fundamental split in their attitude towards Imperial relations. One-third of the Conservative members of Parliament come from the neighbourhood of Toronto and Hamilton, in the Province of Ontario, a district which is predominantly Imperialist in sentiment. The Liberal Party, on the other hand, draws its main strength from the province of Quebec, the population of which is almost entirely French-Canadian. That the Liberals owed their success in the election last October largely to French support, is shown by the fact that one quarter of their members in the House are from French constituencies, and that five of the sixteen Cabinet ministers are French-Canadian. According to the 1931 census, out of a total Canadian population of 10,376,786, no less than 2,927,990—nearly 29 per cent.—are French. Of all the various races in Canada none is more isolationist than the French-Canadian. Bitter memories of the Conscription Act of 1917, when French-Canadians were forced against their will to go overseas to fight in a war in which they had no interest (the only link with France that French-Canada has to-day is their common language—and even here the language of Paris is very different from the language of Quebec), are still retained. Recently, moreover, there has developed in Quebec a strong nationalist movement, L'Action Liberale Nationale, which is certain to play a big part in keeping Canada out of war. The outcome partly of economic and partly of psychological factors, its main objective is to stop the " exploitation " of French-Canadians in Quebec by " English "- and " foreign "-owned industrial and utility " trusts." The movement—which apparently has the backing of the Roman Catholic Church, which is all-powerful in Quebec—seeks to drive out the trusts, to organise the French " habitants " once more into a non-industrial, rural economy, and to protect French-Canadian culture from such disruptive influences as the commercialism

of English-speaking " big business " in Montreal, and the Americanism of radio programmes and similar propaganda drifting in from across the international border. There is even, amongst extremists, a desire to set up a separate French-Canadian State—to be called Laurentie—along the banks of the St. Lawrence River. Whatever the strength of the Nationalist movement at present—and its strength may be revealed at the Quebec provincial elections next August—its influence in crystallising French-Canadian isolationist feeling in the event of war would undoubtedly be great.

The dependence of the Liberal Party in Canada upon the French-Canadian population must inevitably mean that its foreign policy is weighted by a strong French-Canadian bias. Already its domestic legislation has shown evidence of a desire to please French opinion. During the last session of Parliament bi-lingual money was made legal, and a Bill giving the provinces the right to levy indirect taxes—a right upon which the province of Quebec has long been insistent—passed easily through the House of Commons before getting killed in the Senate. A declaration of war by the Liberal Government would mean the certain loss of its French-Canadian support ; and without that support the Party might well be annihilated.

More than that, declaration of war might mean the disruption of the Dominion of Canada. It is widely believed that the French-Canadians would prefer to fight a civil war rather than be conscripted into fighting in another overseas war. Mr. Mackenzie King said in a recent speech in Parliament : " So far as Canada is concerned, there is no danger to our national unity and our economic recovery so serious as participation in a prolonged war." In the same debate Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, leader of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (the Socialist Party) said : " I think no one recognises more definitely than the Prime Minister that anything like a war would split this nation from stem to stern." For the Liberal foreign policy, then, the French-Canadians are likely to call the tune.

The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, which probably carries a great deal more weight in the country

than the number of its seats—eight—in the Dominion Parliament suggests, is even more outspoken in its advocacy of Canadian isolation. (The Social Credit Party is not considered here, although it has fifteen members in the Ottawa Parliament—all from Alberta—it is concerned exclusively with monetary, not foreign, policy.) Although emphasising their belief in the collective system, C.C.F. leaders hold that it will never work so long as the League is composed of sovereign capitalist states. Accordingly, they believe that Canada should avoid taking part in any war, of whatever kind. Further, they take a positive stand on the question of Canada's constitutional position, as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, when Great Britain is at war. According to international law, when one member of the Commonwealth is at war, the rest are automatically also at war. Even though they may desire to remain neutral they are classed, according to law, as belligerents and as such are liable to attack. The C.C.F., then, insists that the Canadian Government should at once pass legislation—similar to that passed in 1934 by the Union of South Africa Government—making it clear to all and sundry that Canada can, if she so desires, remain neutral in the event of other members of the Empire being at war. Said Mr. Woodsworth in the House of Commons on June 19th last: "I am not concerned as to the particular way we do this, but I believe we should make some sort of declaration of neutrality; that we should let Great Britain know now, not later on, when she may become involved in some war, that she need not count us in. I recognise the difficult position of the Government, but sooner or later the issue must be faced."

What is the attitude of Canadians generally towards a war in which Great Britain was involved? Are they isolationist, imperialist, or have they no particular opinion? Until recently, perhaps, the latter was the case. Canadian citizens, like Americans across the border, and indeed like the citizens of most countries, did not worry themselves about foreign policy. Lately, however, they have been forced into thinking about war. Apart from the French-Canadians,

forming 29 per cent. of the population, the 1931 census showed that there were 1,825,252 non-British people living in Canada—mostly in the prairie provinces of the West. This foreign element would naturally have no particular desire to fight in a war to protect Great Britain. The remaining 52 per cent. are of British origin, but of these 1,230,808 are Irish—and therefore with no great love of the British—and many thousands are of American ancestry. Moreover, it must be remembered that most of those of British origin were either born in Canada or else came out to Canada so long ago that their ties, sentimental and others, with the Old Country have been weakened. Through assimilation of ideas penetrating from the great republic across the border, they have tended to become North American, rather than British, in their thinking. During the decade before 1914, when Canadians flocked to fight for the Mother Country, thousands of immigrants had come over from Great Britain. In the last ten years, however, Canada has received very few immigrants from the Old Country, and many have returned disillusioned. With the passing of the years sympathy with Britain has been dulled.

Nevertheless it is, I believe, a mistake to believe that Canadians of British origin would feel no urge to go to the rescue of Great Britain. Mr. Beverley Baxter not long ago aroused much controversy in Canada and elsewhere by writing : " If Great Britain goes to war for any cause, just or unjust, wise or foolish, no living Premier or ex-Premier of Canada or Great Britain could prevent the young men of Canada streaming in their tens of thousands to the assistance of the Mother Country." Though Mr. Baxter may have exaggerated—we have seen, for instance, that the considerable French-Canadian and foreign population would have no desire to fight—there was much truth, I think, in what he said. The Imperialist sentiment of most British-Canadians is covered by a crust of isolationism ; but the crust is thin ; and the Imperialist sentiment, when moved by that most effective of all stimulants, the flag-trumpet-and-headline call to arms, is likely to be whipped up into a truly patriotic blaze.

Moreover, Canada to-day has over one and a quarter

million unemployed. Many of these, on the edge of despair, would perhaps welcome the diversion, and the pay, provided by a foreign war.

The Toronto *Saturday Night*, an independent Conservative newspaper, wrote on June 20th: "We believe the general feeling of the Canadian people at the present juncture—a feeling which is largely the result of the shocking breakdown of all serious endeavour for peace in Continental Europe—is strongly 'North American,' and might almost be described as 'Isolationist.'"

Such feeling, on the part of the majority of British-Canadians, is, perhaps, superficial. The ranks of the Canadian militia, in time of a war in which Great Britain's interests were at stake, would probably quickly be filled. If a Government happened to be in power which was determined to keep Canada out of war, that Government would no doubt have the greatest difficulty in preventing Canadians from going overseas and enlisting in the British forces. Realising the danger that this would constitute to Canadian neutrality, isolationists recommend that Canada should do what Denmark did during the World War—make it a crime for her citizens to enlist in the forces of any of the belligerents. If, at the outbreak of war, the Canadian Government passed such legislation, there would, I believe, be many criminals.

We come now to the question, all-important, in its relation to the problem of Canadian neutrality, of the nature and direction of Canada's export trade. If it be that the Canadian economy is based essentially on overseas trade—with Great Britain and other parts of the world—rather than on trade with the United States and South American countries, then it would seem that her chance of remaining neutral in time of war is seriously reduced. A country dependent upon international trade has a vital interest in the protection of ocean trade routes. If Canada lives by her overseas export trade, then it is essential to her that the North Atlantic route should be kept open. Since by far the greater proportion of Canada's trade is done with Great Britain and the United States, the question seems to be this: Which is to-day, and which will be to-morrow, of

greater importance to Canada, the Ottawa Trade Agreements of 1932, or the Reciprocal Trade Treaty, made with the United States in November, 1935? A few figures may help us to find an answer.

In 1929 the value of Canada's exports to Great Britain was £58,000,000, to the United States £104,600,000. In 1932 the respective figures were £35,600,000 and £32,600,000; and in 1935 £60,800,000 and £53,200,000. Expressed in terms of percentages of Canada's total export trade the figures are: 1929, to Great Britain 24·6, to the United States 44·2; 1932, to Great Britain 36·1, to the United States 32·9 per cent.; 1935, to Great Britain 41·6 per cent., to the United States 36·4. It is necessary to remark that the falling off of Canada's exports to the United States, and the corresponding gain in her exports to Great Britain between 1929 and 1932 was due largely to the Hawley-Smoot tariffs erected by the United States in 1932. Thus the change in the direction of Canadian exports was evident before the Ottawa agreements of 1932. Let us now look at the import figures.

In 1929 the value of Canada's imports from Great Britain was £39,000,000; from the United States £178,800,000. In 1932 the figures were £18,800,000 and £52,800,000; and in 1935 £23,400,000 and £62,400,000. In percentages of Canada's total import trade the figures are: 1929, from Great Britain 15 per cent., from the United States 68·8 per cent.; 1932, from Great Britain 20·7 per cent., from the United States 58·2 per cent.; 1935, from Great Britain 21·3 per cent., from the United States 56·6 per cent.

Two things seem evident from these figures. First, that the Ottawa agreements have permitted Canada to build up her most substantial export trade with Great Britain. Second, that in return Canada has not proportionately increased her imports from Great Britain. In 1935 41·6 per cent. of her exports went to Britain, and only 21·3 per cent. of her imports came from Britain. Canada, in fact, had by far the best of the bargain at Ottawa in 1932. That she realizes this is shown by the recent visit to England of three of her Cabinet Ministers, who are evidently seeking

to preserve Canada's advantages when the Ottawa agreements expire next May, and discussion takes place for their renewal. In order to maintain her advantages in the British market Canada will no doubt be prepared to open her own markets more freely to British goods.

The nature of Canadian exports to Great Britain, as well as their quantity, shows the value of the British market to Canada. Despite the growth of Canada's mining industries in the last few years, and the encouragement she has given to her manufacturing industries, the Canadian economy is still basically an agricultural economy. Canada still lives by the export of wheat and, to a lesser extent, other farm products. Now the Reciprocal Trade Treaty made last November with the United States grants to Canadian farmers very considerable benefits ; concurrently, certain of Canada's manufacturers are penalized. It might seem, then, that Canada's basic agricultural export trade might in future develop north and south, rather than east across the ocean. One thing, however, stands in the way of this taking place. The American market for Canada's agricultural products must of necessity always be an uncertain market, for the reason that America herself is a great agricultural nation. Temporary agreements may be made, but the pressure to end them will always be there. For instance, the Republican Party in the United States at the present time has pledged itself, if its Presidential candidate is elected next November, to repeal the Reciprocal Trade Act passed by the Roosevelt Administration. The American market, then, for Canadian farm exports must be regarded as a fluctuating one. The British market, on the other hand, is fundamentally a far more stable, valuable one. True, the policy of the National Government has been to encourage domestic agriculture by raising quotas and tariffs against farm imports from foreign and empire countries alike. But Canadians are of the opinion that Great Britain will never be able to approach a position of self-sufficiency ; she must always, it is thought, rely upon imports from abroad to feed her people. And a fair proportion of those imports, it is hoped, will come from Canada.

It would seem, then, that the Canadian economy must

continue to depend upon overseas exports, rather than on exports to the United States. Even if Canada's mining industries take precedence over her agriculture, products such as nickel, copper, gold, lead and zinc must still largely find their markets overseas. There is one development of the Canadian economy, however, which indicates that Canada's trade with the United States may become complementary, rather than competitive. Canada's tremendous water-power resources, the development of her hydro-electric plants, have led to the production of electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical commodities which find a ready market in the United States. Should these products rapidly increase in importance, Canada's trade may well develop north and south, rather than across the Atlantic ocean. As yet, however, such a development has not to any great extent taken place. Canada's overseas export trade, essential to her for some time to come, is likely to make the path of those who favour Canadian isolation in time of war a difficult one.

It remains to consider one other aspect of Canada's foreign relations—her attitude towards the problems of the Pacific. Many believe that, even though Canada might succeed in remaining neutral in a European war, she could not possibly do so in a war in the Far East. Basically, there are two reasons for this. First, Canada's Pacific seaboard makes her acutely conscious that she must play her part in the solution of Pacific problems. Canadians are aware that they have a rich, sparsely populated country, whereas Japan is overcrowded and dependent for her supplies of raw materials and, to a large extent, foodstuffs, on outside sources. Japanese supremacy in the Pacific would mean, Canadians fear, a real danger of Japanese penetration into Canada. Immigration restrictions against Orientals in British Columbia, and problems arising from the number of Japanese and Chinese already living in that Province, are indications of this fear.

Secondly, a war in the Pacific would be far more likely to involve the United States than would a war elsewhere

in the world. Though at present public opinion in the United States is overwhelmingly against that country ever taking part in a war to protect American interests in Eastern Asia—and the decision to withdraw from the Philippines within ten years is an indication of this—it is doubtful whether America could ever for long isolate herself from a war in the Far East. The present Administration at Washington is anxious to keep America neutral in the event of another war; yet at the same time it is spending billions of dollars on the United States Navy, presumably because it fears that a strong navy may one day be needed in a war against Japan. In a war between America and Japan, whether or not Great Britain was also involved, Canada would have the greatest difficulty in remaining neutral. For in such a war Canada's position would be similar to that of Belgium in the Great War. One of the vital points of contact between the belligerents would be Alaska, owned by the United States. For the Americans to get to Alaska, and the Japanese from Alaska, both would have to pass through British Columbia. It is possible that that province, and Canada as a whole, might play the role of Luxembourg in the last war, but improbable. Canada would probably feel that too much was at stake in a war between Japan and America for her to remain neutral.

In summary, the three major political parties in Canada are all anxious, though in varying degrees, that Canada should keep out of war. The Conservative Party is by tradition an Imperialist party, drawing its main support from those quarters predominantly British in sympathy; the Liberal Party owes its success at the present time largely to French-Canadian support, and French-Canada is to-day aggressively isolationist; the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, weak in numbers but relatively strong in its influence on Canadian opinion, is outspoken in its demands that in any future war Canada shall remain neutral. Of Canada's total population of 10,376,786 some 29 per cent. are French-Canadians, and another 29 per cent. are of European, Irish, or American

origin: so that a majority of the people have no particular reason why they should fight to protect Great Britain. The remaining minority of British-Canadians is to-day probably strongly isolationist in sentiment; but in time of war their ties with the Mother Country would perhaps prove stronger than the ties, geographical, educational, and psychological, that at present draw them towards the United States. Canada's economy, despite the rapid development of her mining industries, is still essentially an agricultural economy, and the Ottawa Agreements of 1932 have helped to give Canadian farm products a substantial British market, the importance of which is not likely, in the near future, to be diminished either by a British policy of economic nationalism or the growth of trade between Canada and the United States resulting from the Trade Treaty of November, 1935. Canada's overseas trade will continue to be of major importance to her, and will make a neutrality policy difficult to carry out. War in the Far East between Japan and one or other of the Pacific powers would probably involve the United States, and this in turn would almost inevitably involve Canada.

However isolationist her people may be, and however disastrous the consequence of participation in war may be upon her national unity, Canada will find it difficult indeed to keep out of another war. For a while she might remain in North American isolation; but only, perhaps, for a while.

John Constable: Englishman

By Francis Watson

THE accession of Victoria is conveniently regarded as marking the opening of a new era in English history, and indeed it is as plain a milestone (though we may be divided upon the text of its inscription) as the wayside brambles permit us to distinguish. Some eleven weeks before that auspicious event there died, on 31st March, 1837, an Englishman who in his chosen profession established so fundamental a break with the work of his predecessors that he may with little exaggeration be called the father of modern painting. In spite of Turner, in spite of the short-lived Bonington and of the inspiration which Constable himself drew from Rubens, Claude, Gainsborough, Girtin and Old Crome, there is no real doubt about this paternity. John Constable was freely acknowledged by Délacroix (who repainted his "Massacre de Chios" after seeing the English artist's "Hay Wain" at the 1824 Salon) as "le père de notre école de paysage." And it was this school of landscape, through Barbizon and the Impressionists, which carried out the revolution in European painting that even now leaves some spectators a little bewildered. Like the unregarded modernism of Mackintosh in architecture, which travelled for a generation in Holland and Germany before returning to England as a twentieth-century style, the essentials of Constable's treatment of landscape were vividly presented to us in the work of Frenchmen while we as yet were offering it, respect certainly, but no real sympathy. It is only with the waning of the influence of Ruskin that the debt has been fully recognized.

We needed the rushing, mighty wind of Impressionism before we would listen; but the still, small voice had spoken in accents entirely English. An Englishman had done what Englishmen are fond of doing. He had gone for a stroll (Constable always strolled unless he had the most pressing appointment) in the English countryside. The revolution consisted in the fact that he had taken his paint-brushes with him.

The eighteenth century had been satisfied to be a great age of portraiture, while landscape languished in the bonds of eclecticism. Gainsborough, a born painter of landscape, had been forced to flatter the self-esteem of ladies and gentlemen in order to live. "I'm sick of portraits," he complained in a letter, "and wish very much to take my viol-da-gam and walk off to some sweet village, where I can paint landskips and enjoy the fag-end of life in quietness and ease." Richard Wilson was tolerated only so long as he adhered to the strict principles of "Classical" landscape, and the artificial nonsense of Zuccarelli was actually held to be more in keeping with "English taste" than Wilson's clean and vigorous painting. Eternal copying of the canvasses of Claude and Poussin, "accurate" draughtsmanship, a feeble literary overlay euphemistically known as the "grand manner" and seldom without its brown tree in one corner—all this could be, and was, produced in the studio with doors and windows closed. Constable went out into the open air, into sun and rain and wind, and discovered, among other things, that English trees are green. "What I aim at in my pictures," he wrote, "is light—dews—breezes—bloom—and freshness; not one of which has yet been perfected in the canvas of any painter in the world."

He, too, found himself at first unable to avoid the economic advantages of the portrait-painter. In 1804, when he was 28, the Farington Diary records that "He has of late been much employed painting portraits large as the life for which He has *with a hand* 3 guineas—without, 2 guineas. This low price affords the farmers, &c. to indulge their wishes & to have their children & relatives painted." The democratic touch reminds us of that other very English painter, Morland, who was heard to call out when an exalted sitter was announced: "Dukes? I paint for no Dukes. Bring up Rattler and his dog!"—or of Gainsborough's scorn for "these fine ladies and their tea-drinkings, dancings, husband-huntings, &c." One of Constable's portraits of his wife is in the National Gallery, and close by in the National Portrait Gallery is a pencil self-portrait of the artist in his twenties.

It is a pleasing face—lustrous eyes set rather wide

apart, a long nose, dark hair falling over the brow, and about the mouth and nostrils a sensuality which found its only recorded expression in his painting. Mrs. Fisher, the wife of Constable's great friend Archdeacon Fisher, told Farington in 1808 that " His countenance is like one of the young figures in the works of Raphael, and that his appearance is that of one ' guileless '."

Guileless in a certain sense he must have been, and when he admitted in a letter that " I have a good deal of the devil in me " the reference was to that spirit of perseverance of which his otherwise modest nature had occasional misgivings. In the celebrated *Memoirs* of his devoted admirer C. R. Leslie, R.A., his geniality may be somewhat over-emphasized, and though in his private life he was undoubtedly warm-hearted and generous, a streak of what Richard Redgrave called " bland yet intense sarcasm " was revealed in his public relations, in his comments upon certain of his fellow-artists, and in his attitude to the stranglehold that the Royal Academy and prevalent taste maintained upon the art of his time. For the revolutionary that he actually was he may even so be considered a mild-mannered person, a type of Englishman who works patiently and in the teeth of opposition towards the end to which he is impelled, studiously avoiding direct offence save when his detractors or his liver refuse to be pacified.

The close and ancient ties between East Anglia and the Low Countries have by some been held largely responsible for the extraordinary fertility of this part of England in painters and schools of painting. To my mind this implies too derivative a view of a native genius which the ruthless destruction of early English art has made it difficult to assess. Climatic and racial similarities have doubtless played some part in the provenance of Europe's first great schools of landscape from the Netherlands and Eastern England. But though the magnificent *Château de Steen* of Rubens (now in the National Gallery), which Constable saw in Sir George Beaumont's collection in 1804, revealed to him the possibilities under a masterly hand of the large-scale treatment of a natural subject as a coherent whole,

he was readier to acknowledge his debt to the English water-colours of Girtin in the same patron's collection. Claude he admired, while abominating the fashionable reproductions of his themes, and he never went so far as Turner in imitation of the French master. Both in his painting and his temperament he was as insular as a Suffolk miller's son could be. The country within walking distance of his birthplace at East Bergholt provided him with subjects of which he never tired. Only his later residence in Hampstead, his trips to the coast, and the presence of friends such as Archdeacon Fisher at Salisbury and elsewhere extended his range. In 1825, after his great success at the Salon, he was invited to visit Paris. He hesitated, but finally dismissed the project. He let his work travel for him. He himself never once left his native country* and the traditional attitude to foreigners that is the subject of so many jests comes out in his decision, when an offer of £70 was made from France for his large picture of the River Stour in the 1822 Academy, that "it would be too bad to allow myself to be knocked down by a Frenchman." The offer was refused, though he was badly in need of money at the time.

The fine brick house at East Bergholt, in which Constable was born on June 11th, 1776, has long since vanished, and so have many of the mills in the neighbourhood. But this characteristic little region of England remains in its essentials relatively unspoiled. The Stour still takes its easy way between the counties, reflecting the wide and changing skies whose light in storm and sunshine was the painter's life-long study and delight. His cornfields, his elms and hedgerows, here and there a stile that he painted, are still recognizable, and though few horses now tread the towing-paths, providing with their harness that touch of warmth which Constable heightened into scarlet, the locks remain. "As long as I do paint," he wrote, "I shall never cease to paint such places. . . . Painting is with me but another word for feeling, and I associate my 'careless boyhood' with all that lies on the banks of the Stour. Those scenes

* Crome, who founded the Norwich School and never set foot in London, may have had a similar record, though it is thought that he made one visit to Boulogne.

made me a painter, and I am grateful." At a period when "elevated" themes were the first requirement of painting this was a bold and an important declaration. Even Ruskin, dazzled by the romantic splendours of Turner, was to regret that Constable's early surroundings bred in him a morbid taste for "low" subjects.

Occasionally Constable did essay an "important" picture, though he never handled it in the grand manner. At the Victoria and Albert Museum, which possesses over one hundred of his oils and more than three times that number of his drawings and watercolours, there is a *H.M.S. Victory in the Battle of Trafalgar*, painted at the age of thirty, when he was still in his early period; and one of several versions of *Waterloo Bridge* (the opening ceremony), in which his free use of the palette-knife shocked his contemporaries, so much astonished Turner with the effect of vermilion and lake in the decorations of the city barges that he forthwith added to a grey seascape of his own which was hanging beside it in Somerset House a round daub of red lead. "He has been here," said Constable, "and fired a gun." Later Turner glazed his scarlet missile and shaped it into a buoy. The half-dozen pictures of Salisbury Cathedral which Constable produced may also perhaps escape the stigma of mediocrity fastened upon the majority of his landscape subjects. But it is his "low" subjects—Dedham Vale, Flatford Mill, The Cornfield, The Glebe Farm, A Country Lane, Hampstead Heath, The Leaping Horse, Willy Lott's House, and all those other humble scenes on which he brought to bear a vision intensified by love of his subject and rendered selective by the instincts of an artist—it is these which gave landscape the dominant position that it occupied in nineteenth-century painting. And it was these that drew from Fuseli his famous jest: "Constable's pictures always make me call for my great-coat and umbrella."

They might have made him call also for his panama, for Constable could render the heavy haze of a June afternoon with no less felicity than the swift approach of an April shower. But the remark shows that Fuseli at least appreciated the painter's intense study of atmospheric

effects. This preoccupation informs, from Théodore Rousseau to Van Gogh, the great age of French landscape that followed him, but it is not alone, nor chiefly, upon the resolution of technical problems of illumination that Constable's reputation rests. His own consistent interest in what he called "Nature's chiaroscuro," indeed, found little response among his followers, whose debt to Turner will be immediately recognized on examining *Rain, Steam and Speed* or the Petworth House interior in the National Gallery. It is in Constable's *attitude* to landscape, so different from that of Turner, that his work marks a turning-point in the history of painting. Where Turner saw landscape through the eyes of a city-dweller, filling his book-fed dreams with grandiose visions bathed in the light that never was on sea or land, Constable saw and felt it as a countryman. He was of the country that he painted, as native as its trees, and an intimate experience of communion preceded every translation into paint. For this reason alone he could never have been an academic painter. Only his unparalleled equipment prevented Turner from being just another literary copyist. But Constable might have been a lesser painter than he was without sacrificing his historical importance.

He himself was acutely conscious of the element that distinguished him from his fellow-artists. "The Londoners," he writes in 1821, "with all their ingenuity as artists, know nothing of the feeling of a country life (the essence of Landscape), any more than a hackney coach horse knows of pasture." He once told Farington that his father, though very robust at seventy years of age, "never could live in London, not for a day without risk. In coming from Essex, near Dedham, He could perceive a difference in the *air* when He came to Ilford, 7 miles from London, & it became more oppressive as He advanced towards the Metropolis." Miss Mitford's *Our Village*, one of the few works of fiction that Constable read right through, seemed to him to have been "done by a person who had made a visit from London for the first time and, like a Cockney, was astonished at everything she saw." In his frequent denunciations of the popular practice of copying old masters instead of studying

nature at the source his characteristic point of view is even more forcibly illustrated.

"Let Nature be your teacher." The analogy with Wordsworth, Constable's almost exact contemporary, is striking, and Mr. Herbert Read has written that he "can imagine no book that would be so representative of English beauty as a selection of Wordsworth's poems illustrated by some of Constable's pictures." Yet, in spite of the similarity of service which each rendered to his particular art, there was no sympathy between them. Wordsworth's choice, if we are to believe his *Elegiac Stanzas* of 1805, addressed to Sir George Beaumont upon the picture of Peele Castle by that enlightened patron (but very indifferent painter) was liable to fall rather upon the lofty academic style than upon Constable's fresh realism. The commendation of such a picture must have displeased Constable, if he were aware of it, and in December of the year in which the poem was first published (1807) he remarked to Farington "upon the high opinion Wordsworth entertains of Himself. He told Constable that while He was a Boy going to Hawkshead School His mind was often so possessed with images, so lost in extraordinary conceptions, that He had held by a wall not knowing but he was part of it." The painter disapproved of "extraordinary conceptions" in artists, and had a healthy English distaste for people who put on airs. The historical painter B. R. Haydon once asked him why he was so anxious about what he was doing in art? "Think," said he, "what I am doing" (meaning, adds Farington, how much greater the object and the effort). In the following month Constable and Haydon broke off their friendship. Or, again, consider his remark upon meeting Edward Irving, the Scottish evangelist, in the street. "His walk was a swing, he held a quarto book in his right hand, its back edging up between the deltoid and the pectoral of the same side, and had I not known him I should have said there goes an insolent coxcomb; but I am told by several Scotchmen he is not that." Both the impulse of aversion and the tolerant qualification are alike indicative of the man. Nor did he permit in himself what he disliked in others. He never put himself forward, and was inclined to

attribute to the help of friends such success as came his way. The custom of self-advertisement in the text of volumes of engravings distressed him, and in sending to a friend the introduction that he had composed to his *English Landscape* (engraved by Lucas), he writes: "I am in a great funk about all this display, but I send you the whole of my *ingenious effrontery*."

But perhaps he would never have taken to Wordsworth, even if the latter had shown a more becoming humility. I have mentioned the reading of *Our Village* as representing a rare exercise for Constable, and it does not seem that he had a much greater taste for poetry. When news of Missolonghi reached England he wrote: "The world is rid of Lord Byron, but the deadly shame of his touch still remains. . . . These poets seem nasty people, but I do not know one of them." The cynic might observe that a mistrust of poets, with other more engaging features of Constable's character, is endemic in the English people. Certainly there can be little doubt that the painter would have found himself on the side of the majority at the trial of Wilde.

For he had all the domestic virtues, and it is, after all, a moral judgment that he passes upon Byron. That special licence of conduct which the public seems almost to expect in the artist was quite foreign to his nature. His affections were centred in his home; first in the mother who gave him not only admiration and encouragement, but sound advice as well; then in the wife for whom he had to wait for five years until her father and grandfather would consent to a match with so little pecuniary promise, and whose death robbed even his election to the Academy of any pleasure for him; and, finally, in the children who survived this bitter loss. "His fondness for children," wrote Leslie, "exceeded that of any man I ever knew." No result of his sudden reputation in France pleased him more than the prestige which he imagined to have gained thereby for his family. "I have added to the respectability of my family by making the family name a mark of distinction, and above all by being respectable myself, and forming friendships with my superiors." On another occasion he remarked that "the Academy had done very well in electing respectable

men, whose manners would not disgrace it." The attitude is, perhaps, a little unfashionable nowadays, more particularly among artists, but it is none the less, I think, a genuine one. If Constable's pictures had been dull, "respectable" academic exercises, we might criticize his private taste for superior manners. Since they were nothing of the kind we can only applaud his concentration of vitality and independence in his painting.

He did not make many friends, but those that he made he kept. He did not, unless he were out of sorts, trouble himself about the great events that were stirring in the political world. His illness and dejection after his wife's death made him observe, towards the end of 1831, that "no Whig Government can ever do good to this peculiar country." But, a little later, he is writing to Leslie: "I am now, perhaps, quite well, and I can give you no greater proof of it than by letting you know that the Reform Bill now gives me not the least concern. I care nothing about it, and have no curiosity to know whether it be alive or dead." He died in his bed in his sixty-first year of an acute attack of indigestion, following an evening walk "on a charitable errand" and a hearty supper.

He left to us the splendid achievement of the objects that he had constantly pursued, landscape "without fal-de-lal or fiddle-de-dee," but instinct with "light—dews—breezes—bloom—freshness." Regarding himself always as a realist, a humble and affectionate student of nature, his influence has penetrated to an age which is commonly held to have thrown realism to the winds. The reason is not far to seek. Constable knew that his business was not an illusory reproduction of natural objects, but a translation of them into terms of paint. Analysis with the eye, followed by a re-synthesis to which both mind and feeling contribute—that is the classic process that he left to his followers in many lands. His astonishing technical power, the breaking up of the light with touches of pure white until the whole picture is irradiated with glancing brilliance, his transparent glazes and the wonderful freedom of his brush-work—all these have been imitated, and will continue to be imitated. But it was his direct approach that freed landscape

for the generations to come. He was in open revolt, as the painters of to-day are in revolt, from the oppression of literary conventions. "The landscape painter must walk in the fields with a humble mind," he said, and "The art of seeing nature is a thing almost as much to be acquired as the art of reading the Egyptian hieroglyphics." That he found it worth while to acquire that art, instead of relying upon what he thought he ought to see, is his abiding merit. And, however far an artist may depart from a literal representation of nature, he must still learn that art of seeing the natural object before he can produce even the most abstract of paintings. It is for this reason that painters of to-day whose works arouse in the general public an attitude (such as Constable's own work aroused) of mingled dismay and hostility, are not infrequently to be seen upon Saturday afternoons in the Constable galleries of the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is for this reason that such a collection as that of Sir Michael Sadler at Oxford includes not only a number of those superb studies that Constable executed on a scale no larger than the lid of a cigar-box, but also drawings by Post-Impressionists and examples of the work of Henry Moore and Francis Butterfield.

The other, and wider, reputation of Constable is no less worthy of him. To those who stray occasionally, when Trafalgar Square is a wet place for waiting, into the National Gallery, John Constable is someone of whom they have heard: a quiet Englishman who loved his corner of England, and painted it like a master.

Britain and Imperial Italy

By Major E. W. Polson Newman

SINCE the successful conclusion of the Abyssinian War a great change has taken place in the mentality and outlook of the Italian people. This is specially striking to one who spent some time in Rome during the days immediately before the outbreak of hostilities, and has revisited the Italian capital within the last few weeks.

No experienced foreign observer who now visits Italy, can fail quickly to realise that the nation has found its feet as a first-class Power, with an overseas Empire and an important say in the destinies of the world. If Italy attained her national unity in 1871 and her national conscience in 1922, she has in 1936 come into possession of her full confidence and strength. In the days before the Abyssinian War the Italian people suffered severely from an inferiority complex. They were fully conscious of their unity as a nation, they were intensely patriotic, and were filled with enthusiasm and energy to bring their country into line with the great Powers of Europe. But, with all their ideals and endeavours, and even their striking successes, they felt that in strength and maturity they were inferior to others. Although they saw with their own eyes the results of their efforts, they were conscious of the newness of all they had created. As nothing had really been put to the supreme test, there was somehow a lack of national confidence. They had every confidence in Mussolini, but insufficient confidence in themselves. This produced an inferiority complex, now admitted by thinking Italians, which in turn gave rise to susceptibilities and fears. This was largely responsible for the bad relations between Italy and France during a long period of years. But, apart from this psychological inferiority, there were humiliating realities staring them in the face. Their country was far from self-supporting, even in foodstuffs; they had scored very few points at the peace game in Paris; and what colonial possessions they held were little more than unwanted corners of Africa. They felt acutely the want of raw materials. In these circumstances the Italians felt they were regarded as a second-class

Power, and destined to remain virtual prisoners in their land-locked sea. Is it to be wondered at that they developed a nervous temperament, and were inclined on occasions to express their feelings in ways somewhat irritating to their neighbours? During these difficult years Mussolini's hand was ever on the pulse of popular feeling. He knew how best to make use of the Italian temperament to see the nation through its distress of mind. Here again, the methods which he found necessary were misunderstood across the frontiers.

Victory in war and the conquest of Abyssinia have produced almost instantaneous relief from this feeling of inferiority. There only remained the need of an assurance from Britain that Italian rights and interests in the Mediterranean would be respected, thereby removing as far as possible the drawbacks of Italy's geographical position at the mercy of the holders of Gibraltar and Suez. Now that this question is settled to her satisfaction, Italy is fully prepared to follow her true interests in Europe by co-operating with other Powers for the maintenance of peace. To Italy of to-day peace is absolutely essential for the realisation of her ambitions. Tranquillity in Central Europe and the Danube basin is needed for the security of her northern frontiers. Peace in the Mediterranean is necessary for her import and export trade, and for much of her food supply. Without peace she cannot develop Abyssinia. These obvious factors of self-interest are ample guarantee of Italy's peaceful intentions, apart from any humanitarian considerations. But this is not to say that the Italians are not humanitarian in their feelings. In spite of what has been said in England during the past year about the Italians, they remain by nature one of the most humanitarian peoples of Europe. No one who recently heard the Abyssinian bishop speak at Mussolini's prize-giving to agriculturists at the Argentina Theatre, in Rome, could fail to be touched by the sincerity of this prelate's appreciation. It was no " put up job." It obviously came from the heart.

Italy's gains from the Abyssinian War are partly material and partly psychological. In spite of all that has been

said to the contrary by those who are unacquainted with that country, Abyssinia can absorb large numbers of Italians of most varied professions and callings, as well as those who wish to settle on the land. As development has to start from the most elementary foundations, Italians of almost every branch of normal human activity are needed in Abyssinia. It is no exaggeration to estimate the number absorbed in this way as one million people in ten years. There is also no doubt that the produce of the country can supply the deficiency to make Italy self-supporting as regards her food supply. There are vast cultivable areas where crops can be grown, and many districts where cattle can be raised. As many as three crops a year are possible in some localities. There will also be an abundant supply of cotton, coffee and tobacco. Although Abyssinia's resources in minerals and oil are as yet unknown, there are good prospects of obtaining considerable quantities of these kinds of raw materials. An area of territory nearly as large as France and Germany together has been acquired, with a population of many millions of people, and this occupies an important strategical position in North-East Africa. This, together with Italy's former possessions in Libya, Eritrea, and Somaliland, constitute a formidable African Empire. It is here that the material benefits of the war are linked to those of a psychological nature.

Victory over the Abyssinians has enabled the Italians to have a victory over themselves. With the realization of their ambition to have an Empire, there has come over the whole nation a genuine feeling of contentment. This is specially noticeable in the calm and self-possessed attitude of officials of all kinds, as well as in the more restrained and dignified bearing of the people of all classes. Italians now feel themselves on terms of absolute equality with the people of Britain, France and Germany. They are fully conscious of having succeeded in a most difficult and dangerous enterprise in Africa under the most disadvantageous circumstances; and they know the true worth of their soldiers, sailors, and airmen. The Italian system, with the various forms of mechanism at its disposal, has been put to a severe test, and has passed with flying colours. Yet,

there is no flamboyant conceit in this success, no sneering at the League of Nations, no desire of the people to get their own back on those who opposed their campaign in Abyssinia. In their hour of victory the Italians are showing the greatest modesty and moderation. Consciousness of their new responsibilities has produced a calm, collected, and determined nation, no longer standing on its dignity through fear of affronts. The attitude to the sanctionist countries is neither one of resentment nor of scorn. The thinking Italian—most Italians think—fully understands the motives that prompted the enmities of the past year, and is now much more able than before to appreciate the point of view of others. That Italy has gained much from sanctions there is no possible doubt. It is largely owing to League policy that she is as united as she is to-day. It is useless to argue that Italy is only united on the surface, because it is not true. There are malcontents in all countries, but no visitor to that country to-day can with honesty deny that the vast majority of Italians are profoundly grateful to Mussolini for what he has done for them. It is impossible to mix in a crowd at his meetings without knowing that the feelings of the people are spontaneous, more so than previously, and to be convinced that their system of government is that which they all wish to have.

The feeling of the Italian people towards Britain comes as a pleasant surprise. In spite of all that has happened, there is a feeling of absolute friendliness, except among a more or less insignificant minority whose feelings do not readjust themselves easily. The non-recognition of Italy's sovereignty over Abyssinia is understood and scarcely expected until time has had a chance to have its healing effect. Not even towards Mr. Eden is there any animosity left. He is often coupled with Cavour and Mussolini as one of the great unifiers of Italy, but statements of this kind are not made in any sneering sense. The Italian is chivalrous by nature, which is most noticeable in his attitude to his late enemies. I have seen an Abyssinian dignitary given a rousing reception in Rome, which was only exceeded by that given to Mussolini himself. Although the Italians look upon the Mediterranean as their home waters, the Govern-

ment and the great majority of the people sincerely want an understanding with Britain, which will put British-Italian relations back on their old footing of close friendship. The fact that these relations have not been broken beyond repair by the clash of the last year only shows how strong were the bonds binding the two countries together. Italy realises the undeniable fact that in the Mediterranean the one nation needs the friendship of the other. As their main lines of communication through the Suez Canal and Red Sea are identical, they can either help each other to their mutual benefit in all kinds of ways, or they can hurt each other with most detrimental and dangerous results. But it should also be remembered that the British route to Suez and the Bosporus cuts across the Italian route to Libya at Malta. This means that each nation is more or less at the mercy of the other at the narrowest part of the Mediterranean. If a free exit from the Mediterranean was vital to Italy before the Abyssinian War, it is still more vital to-day. For this reason the Italians have been a little suspicious of some aspects of British policy.

There has been a certain amount of misunderstanding about the agreements made during the period of sanctions with France, Spain, Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia and Roumania. These agreements were essentially temporary, and were merely intended to be reciprocal pledges of mutual assistance in the event of attack by Italy. Yet, the fact that they were made at all made the Italians suspicious of possible attempts to cut her off and isolate her in her own sea. The Italians found it difficult to believe that these agreements were necessary to make up for the deplorable deficiency in British armaments at the time. But, when they did grasp the truth of this strange tale of British weakness in time of crisis, they were ready enough to see the joke and pass it over as one of the many incidents to be forgotten. Another feeling, which was without any foundation, was that Britain was returning to the principle of maintaining a balance of power in Europe, and playing one Power against another. Any such policy in the Mediterranean would be resented by Italy, and was probably suspected owing to the recent British tendency towards a slightly

more isolationist and less European policy. Yet, Italy is relieved to find that Britain refuses point-blank to be drawn into European wars except where the Channel ports are concerned. Italy likewise refuses to take part in any European dog fights unless her vital interests are threatened, and for this reason her part in a Russo-German conflict would not exceed moral support for the anti-Communist forces. Therefore in non-intervention there is a common tie between Britain and Italy. It is certainly true that there is a close understanding between Rome and Berlin in a combined effort for protection against Bolshevism. But, as far as national interests are concerned, everything depends on Germany's attitude towards Austria. While it is true that the Spanish civil war is full of dangerous possibilities, here again Britain refuses to become involved. Contrary to persistent and mischievous rumours, Italy has no designs on the Balearic Islands or any other Spanish possession, and ample assurances have been given to this effect. But there is one point in which the Italians are quite determined. They will not tolerate a Communist regime in Catalonia. A Russian foothold in Catalonia, together with the Russian Black Sea fleet having access through the Straits to the Mediterranean, is more than Italy will stand. There are Italian volunteers in Spain, and in the Balearic Islands for that matter; Italian aeroplanes and war material are to be found with General Franco's army. But the fact remains that Italy will exert every effort to bring the Spanish civil war to a rapid conclusion. Having openly declared her intentions with regard to Catalonia, it is important that events in Spain should not spoil the prospects of a solid British-Italian understanding.

If the aftermath of the Abyssinian War found certain feelings of suspicion in Italy, the same applied to the British side. The dignified equilibrium of Britain suffered several severe shocks, and it took a little time for the nation to get over the indigestion which they caused. The greatest of these was that Britain was caught disarmed in a time of crisis, and had to scour the Mediterranean for help in case of need. This in itself was difficult enough to digest, but when it was followed by a reluctant realisation

that Italy was the strongest Power in the Mediterranean, it was too much for British complacency. The British people did not want to admit to themselves the newly acquired power of Italy. The idea was distasteful, so they had shut their eyes to it. Then, suddenly, a crisis arose, and they were brought face to face with reality. If the national upset so caused was unpleasant while it lasted, its results have certainly been beneficial. But this was not all. The whole strategical situation in the Mediterranean had been changed by military aviation, and Italy was the strongest Power in the air. Britain's traditional strength on her main line of communications with the East had been badly shaken. Then came the Italian victory in Abyssinia. The League of Nations, backed by the British Government, had a serious setback, while Italian prestige rapidly rose all along the shores of the Mediterranean. People failed to realise that, in the eyes of most native races, justice and strength are identical, and power is the greatest thing on earth. The British people have, during the last year, had quite enough to make them sore, and to make them think furiously. Now, fortunately, they are beginning to appreciate the realities which have to be faced.

The Abyssinian War, sanctions, and British-Italian friction, are now questions of the past, and a new situation has been created. British interests in the Mediterranean remain vital, and Italy is the strongest and most stable Power in that sea. British and Italian interests are in no way antagonistic. On the other hand, each is the complement of the other. Neither Power can afford to be at variance with the other, and the only obstacle to a close understanding for mutual protection is of a psychological nature. This once removed, the way will be clear for an overwhelmingly strong guarantee for British communications from Gibraltar to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. Much is heard in England of Mussolini's aggressive designs in the Mediterranean and in Africa. As things are, there is not a word of truth in these surmises. Italy is now a contented nation with a heavy task to face in Abyssinia, and she needs peace. But, if a general European war were to break out, it would be only natural for each nation to look round

and see what they could get. It is therefore in the interests of Britain, Italy and Europe in general that a Mediterranean agreement has been reached. With Italy on good terms with Germany, and Britain in friendly relations with France, such an understanding would provide a sound basis for the maintenance of European peace.

Now that the Italians have put their own house in order, and have acquired an overseas Empire, they are ready to co-operate with other nations for the maintenance of peace. For this reason they have remained in the League of Nations. Not that they have any particular liking for the Geneva system; they prefer to obtain security by methods of reality rather than principle. Whether the British people like or dislike the Fascist form of government in Italy has nothing to do with the case in point. The point is that Britain must either have a truly friendly understanding with Italy, by which each recognises and respects the other's interests, or prepare for a conflict and a general European war. The former has now been assured and offers every prospect of great mutual security and benefit. The latter alternative was inconceivable.

The Control of the Fleet Air Arm

The Case for the Admiralty

By Lieut.-Commander Kenneth Edwards, R.N.(ret.)

THE question of the control of the Fleet Air Arm has led to controversy for years. Moreover, it has led to dissatisfaction among the officers and men of that branch to the extent of becoming a serious and growing threat to morale. Two years ago, when the first of the Government White Papers setting forth the need for reconstituting the defences of the British Empire appeared, it was thought that something would at last be done. But nothing has transpired, and the grievances have become the more acute by reason of their neglect during a period of rearmament. A full year after the appointment of a Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, the subject which is leading to grave discord between two of our Fighting Services remains on its shelf.

It is as well to remember that the present system of control for the Fleet Air Arm was instituted "for an experimental period only" by the Balfour Committee of 1923 which sought to arrange the problems which arose from the creation of a separate Air Ministry to supersede the old order of both the Navy and Army having their own Air Services.

That experimental system of control was very soon found to be impracticable and workable only by the goodwill which overrides regulations; an arrangement which can only be even partly successful in a small service. But the Fleet Air Arm has been growing, although its growth has been hampered at every turn by the Gilbertian system of control which still obtains, and friction between the Admiralty and Air Ministry has been growing with it.

The system of control which has given rise to all the trouble is what one expects from a Select Committee—an ingenious compromise which has pleased nobody and which has proved grossly inefficient in practise.

The Fleet Air Arm, be it noted, does not consist only of those machines carried in aircraft carriers, but includes *all* aircraft attached to the Navy, including the float

planes and flying boats carried in battleships and cruisers and which are launched by catapult and land on the surface of the sea on their return to their ships.

All these machines are manned by the personnel of the Fleet Air Arm. In the normal course of events the pilots of the machines are all officers. In cruisers and in nearly every capital ship, the pilots are all naval officers. Yet their machines are looked after by Royal Air Force personnel. There is a difference in tradition and in regulations governing the two Services, so that the unfortunate cruiser officer has to make himself familiar with Royal Air Force discipline and methods in order to deal with some half-dozen men who are drafted to the ship by the Air Ministry.

The fact that, owing to the length of cruiser commissions abroad and the even more exclusively naval character of the work, naval officer pilots are appointed to cruisers and other ships carrying catapulted aircraft, automatically increases the proportion of Royal Air Force pilots to naval pilots in the aircraft carriers. This is because the "dual control" system lays it down that 70 per cent. of all Fleet Air Arm pilots shall be naval officers and that 30 per cent. shall be drawn from the Royal Air Force.

On the face of it there would appear to be considerable arguments in favour of such a mixing of personnel. It should lead to a better understanding between the two Services. So it might were it not for the dissatisfaction which is felt by both parties at the impossible situations in which they are placed by a system which, beginning as a joke, is now very near to ultimate tragedy.

The Royal Air Force officer, be he in the Fleet Air Arm or not, is as loyal to the headquarters which rules his destiny as the naval officer is to his. Yet I have talked with several Royal Air Force officers serving in aircraft carriers as officers of the Fleet Air Arm and they have been unanimous in condemning the present system and in supporting the Admiralty's claim for control. More than one has even expressed the determination never to serve in the Fleet Air Arm again under any circumstances so long as the present system continues.

It is in this question of flying personnel that there lies

one of the Admiralty's most potent arguments for control of the Fleet Air Arm. It has been said that 30 per cent. of all Fleet Air Arm pilots are drawn from the Royal Air Force. These men may come from anywhere. More often than not they come from squadrons which have been employed in the Arabian deserts or the North-West Frontier of India. They are appointed to the Fleet Air Arm for a term of three years and begin to learn something of naval warfare and naval flying. Landing a machine on an aircraft carrier is very different to landing a machine at a nice big aerodrome. The strategy and tactics of bombing warships, dive bombing, and delivering torpedo attacks are utterly different from the problems of the Royal Air Force proper. In addition there is the need for accurate navigation without landmarks, and the art of carrying out a reconnaissance in order to see without being seen. It is worse than useless for aircraft to report the enemy fleet if the position given is wrong and misleads the Commander-in-Chief, and it is a matter of supreme difficulty, unless carefully trained, to recognize types of ship from the air. I myself, when flying high over the English Channel, have mistaken a tramp steamer for a battleship because the light caught the derricks which were stowed horizontally and made them look exactly like turret guns. And there is the classic case of an exercise carried out two years ago. The Home Fleet were to pass through the Straits of Dover—a narrow enough passage—by daylight and were to be located and attacked by the Royal Air Force operating from a shore aerodrome. The naval commander-in-chief sent a few cruisers and destroyers in fleet formation down the English side of the Straits while he took his main fleet down the French side. The Royal Air Force pilots returned to their aerodrome flushed with success. They had, they reported, pressed home attack after attack on the battleships. But no aircraft had been near the battlefleet, and the records showed conclusively that the attacks had all been delivered against the decoys.

Then there is the question of spotting for the guns of the fleet. This is normally done by a naval observer in a Fleet Air Arm aeroplane, but the pilots should know

something of naval gunnery in order to be able to carry on if the observer "stops one."

All of which goes to show that the Royal Air Force pilot who joins the Fleet Air Arm has a lot to learn. It is not all training in the accepted sense of the term. Much of it can only be learnt with practice at sea. The average pilot is not considered right up to standard in much less than two years. And since his terms of service with the Fleet Air Arm amounts only to three years, he only has one year of maximum usefulness in that arm before he reverts to the Royal Air Force proper—to go back to his desert or frontier. That is the reason why, under the present system, it is almost unheard of for a Fleet Air Arm squadron to consist entirely of fully trained pilots at maximum efficiency.

This system of "seconding" officers of the Royal Air Force to another service which although concerned with flying, provides a totally different training and operation, must obviously react also upon the Royal Air Force. The Royal Air Force pilot who does his three years in the Fleet Air Arm so as to include a two-year commission in China or the Mediterranean cannot help becoming out of touch—from the practical point of view at least—with the latest developments in machines, strategy and tactics evolved by the Royal Air Force for carrying out the main duty of the Air Ministry—air action against an enemy nation and air defence of Great Britain either by methods of direct defence or by retaliation. Therefore, the officer who reverts to the Royal Air Force from the Fleet Air Arm needs a certain period of "refreshing" before he can be considered of maximum efficiency to the Royal Air Force.

Thus the result of the manning of the Fleet Air Arm partly from the Navy and partly from the Royal Air Force reacts directly upon the efficiency of the personnel of both Services.

One great objection which the Admiralty has against this dual control so far as manning is concerned is that 30 per cent. of the officers trained in naval flying are lost entirely so far as naval flying is concerned. The Admiralty

is responsible for the operation of the Fleet Air Arm in war, but it cannot regard any of the Royal Air Force officers which have received training and experience in the Fleet Air Arm as potential reserve pilots to be called upon if necessary. So soon as the Royal Air Force pilot has completed his three years in the Fleet Air Arm he reverts entirely to the Royal Air Force and is entirely lost to the Admiralty or the Fleet Air Arm.

For some years now the Admiralty have made repeated requests to the Air Ministry to be allowed to train Petty Officers as pilots. The idea was two-fold. It would provide a great incentive to men on the lower deck to enter the air arm of their service, and it would enable sufficient pilots to be trained to form a Fleet Air Arm reserve which would obviously be sorely needed in war. But the Air Ministry, for some reason which has never been satisfactorily explained, has set its face against the scheme. It will not allow naval Petty Officers to be trained to fly Fleet Air Arm machines so long as those machines are even partly under the control of the Air Ministry, and this in spite of the fact that the Royal Air Force trains a large number of sergeant pilots. It may be mentioned that, according to the tables of relative ranks in the three Services, the Sergeant in the Royal Air Force ranks " with but below " the naval Petty Officer.

If you look in the Navy List you will find a number of officers who hold (in brackets and italics) an Air Force rank in addition to their naval rank. Needless to say, this additional rank carries with it no pay. It is given simply so that the naval officer pilot should have some authority over the Royal Air Force aircraftsmen who look after his machine.

Another matter which is not generally known is that the Air Ministry demands the authority to make *all* appointments to the Fleet Air Arm. The Admiralty cannot at present appoint even naval officers of the Fleet Air Arm without the approval of the Air Ministry. This leads to all sorts of drafting difficulties for the Admiralty, and the frequent cancellation or alteration of appointments, causing great inconvenience to the officers themselves.

At present the machines of the Fleet Air Arm and its personnel come entirely under the jurisdiction of the naval authorities so long as they are embarked in a ship. But when they go ashore, as they do when the ship is in port giving leave or refitting, so that flying training can be continued, both men and machines come entirely under the Air Ministry. Who is in control when the machines are in the air between ship and land nobody has ever quite discovered. The theory of seniority is apt to be upset by the fact that a senior naval observer often flies behind a very junior Air Force pilot.

Although all stores and machines are paid for by the Admiralty they are supplied by the Air Ministry, which retains complete control of them. Not only does this involve a dual system of store-keeping in all ships carrying aircraft—and nearly every ship bigger than a destroyer does so to-day—but it makes it practically impossible for the Fleet Air Arm to get the machines best suited to its conditions of service.

One can hardly blame the Air Ministry for wishing to see efficiency in its own service first, but this results in research and experiment being carried out almost exclusively on types for the Royal Air Force, and in preference being given to Royal Air Force contracts. The result is deplorable so far as the Fleet Air Arm is concerned. To-day, apart from one comparatively recent amphibian being supplied to catapult ships, there are only two types of machine in the Fleet Air Arm which are not a modified cast-off from the Royal Air Force, and these types are said to be unsatisfactory.

It is easy to imagine the effect of obsolete weapons upon training and morale. A Fleet Air Arm fighter pilot confessed to me that during the Mediterranean crisis he knew that if war came he would be able neither to fight nor run away. If he happened to be above the enemy he would be able to dive at him once, but he would never be able to pull out of that dive quickly enough to return to the attack.

The handicap of obsolete machines is aggravated by the fact that there are virtually no spare parts for them.

In consequence, nearly every machine is far behind-hand with approved modifications and overhauls, and every overhaul takes far longer than it should. Training is interrupted while machines are undergoing overhaul because there are no machines which can be drawn " in lieu " to make up the strength of the squadron. This is the normal practice in the Royal Air Force.

This question of supply of up-to-date aircraft specially designed to meet Fleet Air Arm requirements is most urgent. It is becoming more urgent because of the rapid development of aircraft and because the Admiralty now has under construction three aircraft carriers, each of which will carry more aircraft than any of the existing carriers.

It has been argued that to allow the Admiralty to order machines for the Fleet Air Arm would result in undesirable competition between the Admiralty and the Air Ministry, a rise in prices, and confusion in the aircraft manufacturing industry. This should not be so. Aircraft for the Royal Air Force and for the Fleet Air Arm are almost as different as a 4-inch naval gun and a 4-inch army howitzer. In one case they both fly ; in the other they both shoot ; and there the similarity comes almost to an end. Yet the Admiralty and the War Office each order their own guns. Overlapping, competition, and all the other evils are avoided by the establishment of a principal supply officer through whom all contracts are passed.

Most of the opponents of the Fleet Air Arm control being vested entirely in the Admiralty, base their arguments upon the importance of having a unified air force capable of acting as a striking force against the capital of an enemy country. This argument is entirely fallacious. Even as things are at present, the Air Ministry could not, in war, withdraw the machines of the Fleet Air Arm for its own purposes, even if it wished to do so. It would not wish to do so, for the machines of the Fleet Air Arm to-day and the types required by the Fleet Air Arm are quite unsuitable for, if not incapable of, forming part of a striking force such as is visualized by the exponents of air warfare.

They are as constitutionally unsuited to true Air Force purposes as the flying boats, of which the Admiralty should have full control, since their duties are entirely maritime.

Flying boats in war would be used chiefly against submarines. Yet they are controlled by the Air Ministry, which would be preoccupied with other matters in war, and are manned by Air Force personnel, very few of whom have ever seen a submarine. As a submarine officer I have flown in flying boats with Air Force officers when on anti-submarine patrol, but I have never found a flying boat officer fitted for the task of submarine hunting. None of them know the habits of the submarine. Some see a submarine in every wave that breaks. Others will almost look down the conning-tower hatch of a submarine without realizing its presence. Both would be embarrassing in war.

It is not the fault of these officers. They have never been taught, and they are in what, to the Air Ministry, is a sideline. The fact that the Air Ministry is not really interested in flying boats is surely shown by the fact that no progress has been made with service flying boats comparable to that achieved in other countries or by private enterprise in this country.

Nor is the agitation for Admiralty control of the Fleet Air Arm, and the flying boats, a move towards the abolition of the Air Ministry and the separate Royal Air Force as some would have us believe. It is a matter of common sense fully appreciated in both the army and the navy that air development has created a new situation which can be met only by centrally controlled air forces defending the country against the air forces of an aggressor either by the threat of retaliatory action, retaliation itself, or defence proper. But the Air Ministry should not seek to overstep its responsibilities, which are heavy enough. However much we may fear the sudden shattering raid, repeated perhaps many times, one must bear in mind that these blows will be comparatively local and sustained only so long as is possible in face of retaliation and the casualties imposed by our own air forces. Meanwhile the rest of the

Empire must be held together, and the sinews of resistance must be brought to this country across 85,000 miles of ocean trade routes. To ensure this our navy must dominate, if not destroy, the naval forces of the enemy. Just as the Royal Air Force must protect the country and strike at the enemy's country, so must the Royal Navy protect the sea communications and strike at the enemy's navy and sea communications. To each must be accorded the weapons most suited to its purpose, be they aeroplanes, amphibians, or flying boats ; and to each must be accorded the undisputed and unified control of its own weapons.

The Past and the Future in the Real Spain of To-day

By María F. De Laguna

IN Nationalist Spain, one of the most promising elements is the *Comunión Tradicionalista*, of which the *Requeté* is the famous militia. The name *Requeté* (meaning " lad ") was first given to the Carlist youth by the Catalans. It has now become the official designation. At the outbreak of the civil war, the *Comunión Tradicionalista* (of Navarre) placed over 35,000 *Requetés* at the service of Spain. They have since doubled that number with volunteers from all parts of Nationalist territory. Their loose-fitting scarlet " bérets," coloured tassels and long cloaks, are particularly suited to their fine physique, making them the most picturesque force in the Nationalist army.

The trim little towns and mountain villages of Navarre have long been the most staunch guardians of Spain's traditions. Hence in this rebirth of historic Spain, the *Requeté* force is playing a prominent part. It may even be the leaven of the New Spain.

This would appear paradoxical, for the *Comunión Tradicionalista* is an evolution of the old Carlist party.

To most people, the term " Carlist " is synonymous with backwardness. A certain section of the fanatical supporters of Don Carlos de Borbón (uncle of Queen Isabel II), ruined their cause by their narrow-mindedness, and their lack of culture. They were suffering from the cultural decadence of Spain's nineteenth century. They talked a good deal about absolutism, as an antidote to the disintegrating influences they decried in their opponents, the supporters of Queen Isabel II. But it must be remembered that the leaders of the old Carlist party, never presented their case, as between despotism and liberty.* Carlism stood for the legitimate, responsible monarchy, against the EVILS of Spanish liberalism—a Liberalism which has since developed logically, into extreme Socialism, and finally Communism.

* La Guerra Civil (2nd Edition, 1868), Antonio Pirala.

The liberals or " progressists " as they termed themselves, gave Spain a hundred years of instability, wars, revolutions, " *pronunciamientos,*" decadence of civic virtues, indiscipline, the destructive " swing of the pendulum," bombastic oratory, inconsistency, and worst of all, anti-Spanish influences, all of which have now culminated in chaos, and the " martyrdom of Spain."

A dismal and instructive panorama, which visionaries, with their heads in the clouds, persist in calling the period of Spanish democracy. The progressive elements in the Constitution of Cádiz (1812), were sacrificed to the disruptive doctrines, imported by scholars, pseudo-scholars and theorists. The fundamental bases of Spanish civilization, were being undermined.

Nevertheless the present-day revival began to germinate about the middle of last century, when the great Menéndez y Pelayo (born 1856), dedicated his whole life to the rehabilitation of Hispanic Culture.

But the new Hispanism did not seep through to the masses till the turn of the century.

In the meantime, the old Carlist ideas were in abeyance.

Now, it appears, Time has been their best ally. In contrast with the Carlism of last century, the *Comunión Tradicionalista* of to-day, has cultured leaders and officers of the *Requeté.* Their organization is based on scholarly research into Spain's traditions ; their spirit is born of the union of Faith and Patriotism, the sources of Spain's prestige in the past.

I have spoken to several *Requetés*, officers and men. Spiritual earnestness is, perhaps, their most striking characteristic. But there is nothing affected, nothing "goody-goody " about these men. A certain young volunteer, on first joining the *Requeté*, was not a little taken aback by the fervour of his brother officers. Soon, however, he learned to respect what at first he was inclined to scorn. To the scoffers, I would reply : " By their fruits you shall know them," or " Contrast them with the demoralized Spanish Reds under the heel of Russia."

The *Requetés* have fought on nearly every front in this war. Though untrained volunteers, their courage has even

satisfied the standards of the Spanish army. Like modern knights of Santiago, they wear on their shirts and capes, the large red cross of Santiago, and that of the famous " tercios " (regiments) in the wars of Flanders.

By their earnestness and their example, they are fostering in Spaniards of all classes the moral and civic qualities which wrought the greatness of the race. In every town they are training youthful *Pelayos* (their boys' brigades) on the ideals which have won so much respect for their own corps. Their progressive aims and their behaviour have even managed to wipe out the stigma attached to the term " Carlist." These young men are one of the best advertisements of the New Spain.

The creative genius of Spain has only been truly inspired in the things of the spirit. Why, then, should she seek models and ideas abroad when she has been so prolific in civic virtues, when she has been the source of civic liberties and the real mother of parliaments ?

Burgos, the seat of the present government, the *Junta de Defensa Nacional*, was the capital of Old Castile, the head and heart of historic Spain. But it was more than that.

Burgos enjoys the glory of having created the first democratic parliament. In the Cortes of Burgos of the year 1169, the *Estado Llano* (Tiers État) were represented for the first time in history, many years before the Commons were represented in the English parliament.*

Overlooking the staircase of the *Capitanía* building (where General Franco was proclaimed head of the State) there are three stained-glass windows. One of these represents the Count de Castro *Adelantado Mayor de Castilla* proclaiming the arbitrary sentence demanded by the citizens of Burgos, which established the municipal regime.

Another instance of the vigour of Castilian liberties: In 1518, Doctor Juan Zumel, a citizen of Burgos, protested at the Cortes held at Valladolid (for there was an epidemic at Burgos) against the privileges granted to foreigners at the expense of Spaniards. So strong was his case that he

* Antonio Pirala. (In this respect Altamira mentions the Cortes of León, 1188. Both these records prove that Spain enjoyed democratic parliaments long before any other country.)

eventually obliged the Emperor, Charles V, to swear fealty to the ancient laws and liberties of Castile.

These were no isolated instances. Cortes (essentially democratic assemblies) were held in León and Castile from the time of the Visigothic monarchy, till 1640, and in Aragón till 1702.

The old municipal liberties of Castile and Aragón, proudly guarded for centuries,* will no doubt play an important role in the Corporate State of the New Spain. General Franco, in his speech broadcast from Burgos on the 1st October, said: "The Spanish municipality of historic lineage, will be rivived with all the vigour necessary for the fulfilment of its mission, both cellular and public." Further on, in the same speech, he says: "Since inorganic suffrage has failed, first through the action of the political *caciques* ("bosses") national and local, and later through the oppression of the syndicates at the service of political interests, the will of the nation will express itself through those technical and corporative organs which are deep-rooted in the very heart of the nation, and represent in an authentic manner its ideals and needs."

Now the *Comunión Tradicionalista* maintains that for over a hundred years they have stood for the Corporate State. It is to them, not to Hitler or Mussolini, that the totalitarian state owes its origin. Far from being a replica of the Italian or German state, it is thought that the Spanish Corporate State which General Franco wishes to establish, will be the exact reverse. That is to say, it would be at the service of the family and of the individual. Thus it would not only be reminiscent of the medieval Spanish State, but would also be in complete harmony with the Papal encyclical on social order "*Quadragesimo Anno*." It was only to be expected that the reborn spirit of Spain would be antagonistic to any type of government which tends to convert the individual into an automaton. Spanish individualism (the source of Spain's greatest creations and worst failures) is naturally in sympathy with the dogma of the liberty of the individual soul.

Spain is to be Catholic in spirit, not merely in name.

* See Professor R. B. Merriman's "The Rise of the Spanish Empire," Vol. I.

And, if General Franco has his way (as hitherto), toleration will be one of her proudest achievements.* Another reflection of medieval Spain.

General Franco, who is known to be a practising Catholic, has already announced that the separation of Church and State is to continue. A wise decision, which meets with the approval of every Nationalist. During the past century, State interference, very specially the appointment of bishops, gave rise to certain abuses, and placed the Church in a dangerously dependent position. (In spite of this, it is well known that the Church managed to provide, not only the best, but the vast majority of the schools and colleges in Spain.) Whatever Concordat may be signed with the Vatican, it is expected that the State will recognize the independence of the Church in all matters upon which her spiritual development and the spiritual welfare of the nation depend.

And what of the monarchy in the future?

General Franco has said that he will only rule Spain as long as she may need him. But some day, either during his rule or afterwards, the question of the régime will have to be tackled. The majority of Nationalists are now convinced that a monarchy is the only stable régime for Spain.

"Either monarchy or anarchy" has proved a true saying during each of the two Spanish Republics, 1873–74 and 1931–36.

The traditionalists, supported by a large element of the population, are in favour of a monarchy, based on:

(*a*) legitimacy; (*b*) responsibility; the king must govern; but (*c*) his powers must be limited by certain tribunals.

Of these there are excellent examples in the medieval history of Spain, notably the *Tribunal de Justicia de Aragón*.

So we see that for all her problems Spain can draw inspiration, and even solutions, from her own rich store of creations.

* See General Franco's speech, broadcast from Salamanca, and translated in "The Universe," 29 January, 1937.

Providentially, the last Carlist descendant of Don Carlos died recently, leaving no direct heir. Don Alfonso XIII now represents (according to the Carlists) the legitimate line. He did much for Spain during his long and difficult reign, but circumstances were too much for him. There was, moreover, a certain amount of decay in the system, which he was powerless to remove. This was the excuse which the founders of the Republic used, in order to justify their *coup d'état* for, in those fateful municipal (not parliamentary) elections of April 1931, the Monarchist vote outnumbered the Republican by four to one.

Though few of the Borbón sovereigns were worthy of the crown they wore, that is no reason for fearing a restoration, provided it be firmly based on a genuinely Spanish and Christian constitution, embodying the modifications demanded by the times, and already outlined in General Franco's speech.

But the question of régime is not the immediate concern of the Nationalists. They are fighting for civilization, and for a united, Christian, and progressive Spain. It is very much to their credit that, from the earliest days of the civil war, they have pursued a reconstructive policy, first through their provisional government, and subsequently through General Franco's rule.

At the outbreak of the Red Terror, nearly eleven hundred years of creative tradition (7th to 17th inclusive) withstood the deadly onslaught without flinching. It is to the vitality of her great traditions that the real Spain owes her present survival. Christian Europe will some day realize to the full all that it owes to her heroic resistance.

When certain people (who might be expected to reason more logically) assert that " the failure of democracy in Spain is due to insufficient education," they not only ignore the age-long traditional democracy in Spain, but also the psychological characteristics of the average Spaniard. Quite apart from these considerations, there is the example of other European States, which proves that in these days of anti-national influences and disruptive doctrines, emanating for the most part from Russia, nations as widely different

and as "educated" as Germany and Italy, have been forced to resort to the natural antithesis: the Fascist State. Germany had had three Communist risings. Italy had been faced with chaos. They were fortunate enough to check the danger in time.

In Spain, the anti-Popular Front (traditionalist) elements relied on parliamentary methods till it was too late. That is the only difference.*

England can still look on from a distance. But for how long? The same poison is being innoculated into this country in the most unexpected disguises.

It is illogical to lay the blame for the increase of Communism on unsatisfactory economic conditions, and insufficient education. Both these evils must be remedied. But they are not the causes. They are only excuses. One of the proofs is that the worst Communists and anti-Nationalists are generally the town workers (in most countries), all of whom are earning at least a living wage, and have received the average elementary education. Every decent person would willingly improve the conditions of the working classes, and much has been done already. But stark materialism based on envy, hatred, laziness and self-indulgence, never yet made any human being truly happy.

We are, unfortunately, forgetting what should be a platitude, namely, that spiritual discipline is the only enduring source of contentment for rich and poor. And spiritual discipline produces the uplift in the cone-like hierarchical shape of all truly great civilizations. Towards this end Spanish Catholics have been working for years through their pulpits, social centres, and the Press. Their reviving efforts have undoubtedly saved the Real Spain, and prepared her for this great struggle, for neither General Franco nor any other one man, could have re-spiritualized her. But there are still the aforementioned "excuses" for Red poison and Red terror, not only in Spain, but throughout the world. In due course these are to be eliminated in Spain by increased education and the generous co-operation

* In the elections of February, 1936, in spite of intimidation and violence on the part of the Popular Front, the Centre and Right parties won a majority of votes.

of the rich towards the betterment of working-class conditions. When General Franco said in his above-quoted speech, that " All Spaniards will be obliged to work according to their capacity, the new State cannot admit parasitical citizens," he was voicing the opinion of all the Nationalists. They have not waited for this edict to be issued. The majority of the rich Nationalists have already given their time, and most of their fortunes, to the Nationalist cause and the needs of the poor. Many services (mails, etc.), are run by volunteers of the upper classes, who have given the best of their capacity and their possessions to their State. Under the banner of Faith, Patriotism and Love, every sacrifice has become a pleasure. This is not sentimental imagination. Anyone visiting Nationalist Spain can see it in the faces of the " new poor," who are gladly giving all for their country, and of the " new rich," the peasants and workmen who, by offering all they had to give—their lives —have found the smile of contentment.

There are hundreds of thousands of Spanish volunteers (including *Acción Popular* and *Renovación Española*) in the Nationalist forces. Their numbers are steadily increasing, and the army is training them as fast as circumstances permit. Of a battalion of young nobles some 500 strong, only about 200 have so far survived. Nearly every young man in Nationalist territory is in uniform. The women are all helping in one way or another.

So much for the value and effect of tradition in Spain.

But there is another extremely important element in the Spain of to-day. One which, for lack of a better translation, must be called the Fascists. *Falange Española de las Juventudes Nacional-Sindicalistas*, founded by José Antonio Primo de Riviera (son of the late Dictator), is a non-religious organization, though most of its members are practising Catholics. The motto of *Falange Española* is " *España, una, libre, grande* "—" Spain, one, free, great." *Falange* is already accomplishing with energy and method the disciplining and training of a large section of Spanish youth, both in their militia and in their *Flechas*, or boys' brigades. Their emblem: five arrows held together by a yoke, is taken from that of the " Catholic Sovereigns "

Ferdinand and Isabella (15th century), who chose it to represent the union of the various Spains under their rule.

Like the *Requetés*, *Falangistas* have proved their courage in several battles and sieges, notably at the taking of Toledo.

In a recent visit to one of their headquarters, I was impressed by the alertness and zeal noticeable even in the youngest *Falangistas*.

After an interview with one of their chiefs (a science graduate) I was more than ever convinced that their social reform programme and propaganda, must eventually prove extremely beneficial to the working classes. *Falange Española* is a forward movement. To judge by their organization and what they have so far achieved, " Action, not words," seems to be their implicit motto.

In his proclamation broadcast, General Franco announced that wages would be established on a profit-sharing basis. *Falange Española* is largely composed of the poorer elements of Nationalist Spain. Industrial reorganization is, therefore, one of their chief preoccupations. They are preparing the ground for General Franco's plan.

Their patriotic song is heard at all hours in the streets and on the radio. Most patriotic songs are variations on the same theme. Theirs strikes a new note. Perhaps that is why it has appealed to every Nationalist, who feels in its stirring words and tune the dawn of a better day. *Cara al sol* . . . (facing the sun . . .) are the first words of the song, and it also ends on a note of hope: " Up, squadrons, let us conquer, for the dawn is about to break in Spain." Conquest is their aim, not only over their immediate enemies, the Reds, and the Russians, but very specially over the many evils with which Spain has to contend.

Falange differs from *Requeté* only in methods. Both organizations stand firmly on Spanish tradition, as the source of Spain's unity and strength. Both aim at a new, progressive Spain, free from dangerous anti-Spanish influences. In a country which has only just rallied after years of poisonous " injections," antidotes are of the greatest importance. These are being administered in many ways. Perhaps one of the best is the daily propaganda article,

issued by *Falange Española*, and published in most of the newspapers.

Falange also stands for the Corporate State, and if necessary, for a monarchy. In short, *Falange* stands for all that the traditionalists have at heart. It is undoubtedly all to the good that these two powerful organizations *Requeté* and *Falange*, should differ in the means towards their ends. Thus each is the complement of the other. Besides, both are in the firm hand of the army. And General Franco is neither a *Fascist* nor a *Requeté*.

There is, in fact, every reason to have faith in the New Spain.

Meanwhile, Spaniards of every corps, class and opinion, look to General Franco with admiration and gratitude. His task is almost superhuman. He did not assume it ; it was thrust upon him. He has already achieved " miracles," both military and social, in spite of overwhelming difficulties. Spaniards know, therefore, that he is the only man who can lead them safely, not only to final victory, but through their period of convalescence.

Burgos.

By the same author :

The Roots of Modern Spain (a survey of some of the causes of Spain's civil war) in *The Tablet*, 19 and 26 February, 1937.

The Financial Trend

By Collin Brooks

WHEN the Forsytes dominated the City a modest competence "in the Funds" was the acme of middle-class ambition. Small cottage property and gilt-edged securities were equally as safe as houses. Old Jolyon Forsyte, or his Parliamentary representative, George Joachim Goschen, would have regarded as mad any Wells-like prophet who declared that a day would come when the holder of The Funds would, like Eugene Aram, sit "remote from all, a melancholy man." But such was the posture of the gilt-edged holder in the early weeks of 1937, even before Mr. Chamberlain took powers to borrow for defence purposes.

It is an old story. Bret Harte, apropos of the timid gentleman who would not go to sea for fear of the waves and would not hunt because of the presence of lions in the path, wrote two generations ago:

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee,
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock

While the gilt-edged market has suffered as yet no earthquake shock, it has demonstrated that it is extremely vulnerable to the rumblings that emanate from Central Europe, the Treasury, and the Board of Trade. It is all very well for Mr. Keynes and Mr. McKenna to argue that dear money is a plague to be avoided: the hard fact of the matter is that the plague has already shown its first symptoms, and only the conscientious blisterings of the Treasury and the poulticings of the banks have allayed the onset of the trouble. The Federation of British Industries in its bulletin issued at the end of January has said flatly what the ENGLISH REVIEW cried at the end of November—that there is reason for apprehension, and that many industrialists feel such apprehension.

The causes of the January weakness in gilt-edged, which happened despite the professional optimism of the Bank chairmen, were many. There was the growing fear that the adverse

balance portends ill to the British "boom." There was the growing fear that Herr Hitler, in his Fourth Anniversary speech, might mean mischief. There was the growing realization that over-valuation of all securities on the bourse could not be continued indefinitely. For some days before the January temporary fall the market was "spongy." There was nothing firm to take a stand upon in planning an investment policy. When (the spongy ground turned into soft ground, and the big forces realized that their own holdings were being imperilled by the hesitations and doubts of the small and moderate holders, the price of gilt-edged was forced up again. Great play was made with the annual Bank addresses, with a speech at Birmingham by the Chancellor, and even greater play was made with the funds at the command of the authorities.

But what state of affairs was that, for a great financial nation, when Government funds have to be bolstered up by emergency measures because there is no real confidence behind them! When gilt-edged had shed a few points men began to talk dolefully of a possible fall of fifteen and twenty points. Wiseacres began to assure themselves that, at any rate, they were "all right with the short-dated stocks."

Immediately after came the Chancellor's appeal for borrowing powers.

A sensible nation would examine first the causes of the January fall. The principal ones were those that have just been touched upon, namely (a) the adverse balance, (b) the Hitler fear, and (c) the realization that the market generally, both as to Governmental and industrial securities, is over-valued.

I have written so much in this Journal and other places of the adverse balance that I am loth to return to it. But it remains the vital consideration for anyone trying to assess the economic future of Britain. Mr. Keynes virtually says that we need not worry about it, that we should lower import duties and allow the adverse balance to increase, so that when a slump is upon us it will be staved off by the power and willingness of the fattened primary producing

countries to buy from us. This is that very fallacy of the Adam-Smith multiplex bargain that I dealt with a month ago. The answer is that with Germany and Japan in the field trading with disregard to costs and with Britain offering nothing to the world that is *unique*, there is no guarantee that the primary nations will eventually buy from us in any quantity when our chief competitors are under-cutting us in our own lines. Commodities are booming, which means that our manufacturers are paying more for raw materials and more in labour costs. If they attempt in due course to pass on those increases to the overseas consumer, he will turn to Dr. Schacht's convenient barter offers or to Japan's cheap alternatives. No currency wangles and no artificial means of keeping money cheap will affect that position. If the lack of confidence engendered by the adverse balance, that lack of confidence which helps to make money dear, is to be remedied, it can only be truly remedied by reversing the balance. That means, whatever vote-catching politicians may say, that Britain must reduce its inflated standard of living. All classes of the community must shed such luxuries as inflate the import side of the balance. They must live within their trading means. Rearmament alone will sufficiently inflate imports for some time to come to make the balance awkward. Some easy comforters have made great play with the invisible exports. These are always a mere estimate, and at best cannot be expected much to increase. Messrs. Leopold Joseph and Sons, in their economic Review for January, write:

> " It is difficult to see how this physical excess, which Mr. Keynes would so light-heartedly increase, can be balanced by invisibles. Insurance has had a bad year: there will be a big invisible *import* when compensation money goes out to Spain, for example. Freights are not promising. Owing to the slump and the scrap policy that accompanied it, Britain with rising imports will use all the bottoms she owns, or the equivalent. There can be no swift expansion of invisible export here. Foreign interest payments are certainly better,

but they are unlikely to expand rapidly or far. People who talk airily of foreign interest payments as a bridge over the imports-exports gap are apt to over-estimate their capacity. After all, the cherished invisible export of Rand dividends is only of the order of £20,000,000 and the Rand looms large among interest and dividend payers. . . ."

With the view of this practical foreign Banking-House it is impossible for me to quarrel. Something more positive than a reliance upon increasing invisible exports must be sought.

The Hitler fear was only too well based, although, as is the habit of the city, once the extent of Herr Hitler's antagonism could be measured, the pessimism largely departed. (This is, of course, written some little time before the end of the month, and the menace and the mood may once again have changed.) The Fourth Anniversary speech to the Reichstag was what old-fashioned commercial travellers would call "an advice card." It advised Whitehall that on a future date "our representative" would call—with a request for the ex-German Colonies. The French Foreign Minister, with a certain Gallic cynicism, hastily made it known that the ex-Colonies were a matter with which Britain must deal, as if France had never heard of Mandates or the Cameroons. Herr Hitler's advice card, coupled with a refusal to consider disarmament except in relation to his own view of Germany's needs, could only have one significance—pending trouble, and trouble of the most serious kind. There was a celebrated occasion when John Jorrocks asked James Pigg what sort of a night it might be, and Pigg, opening a cupboard door in mistake for the shutters, reported "'Ellish dark, and smells o' cheese." One can well imagine the Prime Minister soliciting a similar weather report from his Foreign Secretary and being answered, "Hellish dark, and smells of cordite."

Now, of two things, one—either Herr Hitler will be paid danegeld by the ceding of some (if not all) of the Mandated territories or he will be told to do his worst. It is not

my province to discuss in this place which of those alternatives would be the wiser policy. But it is my province to point out that gilt-edged will need some holding up if, in the first event, Britain's prestige is lowered by the sacrifice of the British vested interest in places like Tanganyika or, in the second event, her peace is broken by night-bombers over Southampton, Hull, Liverpool and the Thames docks. The preliminaries leading to either choice are not going to persuade the owners of "bad money" that London is the safest haven in the world for funds. Something is going to slide from under the market.

That, after three years of derided Press warning, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to admit that the need for rearmament is such that he may have to borrow £400,000,000 for defence is not going to allay the fears of the "hot money" owners, hardly needs mention.

There is precious little pleasure in surveying and commenting upon such an outlook, but it would be the grossest folly to pretend that these things are not stark, staring, financial and political realities. They are facts, and "facts are chiels that winna ding, and downa be disputed."

So much for the two "abnormals"—(a) the impelled slump caused by a neglected, or encouraged, adverse balance, and (b) the War fear. What of the normal process of an over-valued market coming down to justifiable levels?

To phrase the matter differently, what are the chances of representative industrials not only maintaining but actually increasing their present market levels?

Those present high levels owe much to two factors. There is the bare state of the market in those leading securities which have gone into Unit Trust portfolios. A market so denuded marks advances out of all proportion to demand. The demand itself which causes such disproportionate advances is to some extent an artificial demand, for it is helped by the vogue which the Unit Trusts create in the stocks they hold. Nokes buys Unit Trust sub-units. Stokes, grudging the loading charges of Unit Trusts, and having more with which to play, buys direct through his broker. But he is led to buy those

securities which have the *cachet* of being in demand by so many of the Unit Trusts. That is one factor. The other is that the human mind always leaps ahead of events. It miscalculates time-lag. It exaggerates possible effects from given causes.

This is how the madness works. Because the Government is spending money freely, because the wages fund is rising, because in a time of recovery people are spending more freely, because—in short—there seems to be money to burn, profits must rise and stingy directors must open their hearts and make generous distributions, which will in turn become fresh demand, and the snowball of earnings will grow and grow and grow. A share that to-day shows a flat yield on the last distribution of 3 per cent. will, on the next distribution, show a flat yield of 5 per cent. and may shortly show 15 per cent. because of a bonus—so the market scramble begins. Once it has begun, earnings fade a little, and capital appreciation becomes the spur. Because *Bloggins and Tompkins ordinary* have put on five bob in one account by some inexorable law of Nature they must put on ten bob in the next account. If anyone at this point cries " but can they be worth it ? " the answer is that of course they are worth it, because *Bloggins and Tompkins* are making a gadget that *must* be on every war plane or a dingus that simply has to go on to every window, or a comestible for which in a few short weeks every weaned infant and every toothless old man, and all grades in between, will clamour as Dives clamoured for water in Hades. Real earnings have begun the process, capital appreciation sustained and mythical prospective earnings maintained it.

This midsummer madness obviously cannot last. Dividend declarations may disappoint one year without much harm being done, but a series of disappointments has its certain effect. Profits that were to have exceeded all known records prove to have been limited by genuine trading circumstances or by shrewd departmental assessors, or by directors skilled in the science of hiding reserves. The process of inflating values does not merely end—it reverses itself. We saw it all happen on a very large scale

under a brilliant spot-light in 1929 when Wall Street overnight reduced stocks from many times their nominal value to unsaleable pieces of paper.

It is absurd to generalize, but broadly speaking, one may say that there are few sections of the market which have not jumped far ahead of the phase when genuine earning prospects govern the level. Many sections are already in the third phase when mythical earnings are required to maintain the fervour of capital appreciation hunters. How far away is the last phase, when the process must reverse itself, and the mood created by the foolish-fond assurances of the Bucket-shop keepers give place to a mood created by the pessimism of Paish and the Jeremiads of Brooks? We enter the realm of blind guessing. We know that while Mr. McKenna will deal sternly with speculators who clamour for bigger and better advances, he will be lenient to such as promise (sworn, no doubt, on the private ledger) to apply their bank credit to genuine industrial or commercial uses. We also know that a vast pool of thrift has still only one real outlet—the bourse of Britain. The hard market prospect is, therefore, that the mood of uplift will continue for many merry moons to come, although ever and again, as in late January, the wand-bearers will waver at the fear that the investing-speculating god has drunk himself sober.

We wind down to this conclusion, that wise statesmanship would face and not minimize the adverse balance of payments; would examine in public the German claims to a return of colonies, so that the worst could be known and life adjusted to it; and would, by checking the hidden bull account financed through the joint-stock banks lower the inflated market levels before the inrush of the final fools destined otherwise to be left holding innumerable babies, to the grave danger not only of the economic but also the social fabric.

If statesmanship is not wise in these ways, the end is certain . . . a flight from sterling and sterling securities.

All of which is exceedingly interesting, but what the devil is the genuine investor to do?

Everything must depend on just how much of a patriot

the genuine investor feels himself to be. "There are hills beyond Pentland and firths beyond Forth . . ." There are registrations outside the city of London, at townships like Jo'burg and Montreal. These are centres with special advantages, either of gold or of primary commodities that are only just coming into the recovery circle. A wise man at this time, however great or small his patriotic attachment to London, will keep his means as liquid as his attitude to income makes possible. Those who must live on the usufruct of their capital have no option but to place it where it earns dividends or interest, however meagre. Heavy industrials and commodity shares are still their best havens. But those who see profits on their holdings can well afford to write off a few points of profit as income, and keep the rest fluid. That liquid resource may be kept at home or in the Dominions, mobilized for personal use, as the tide of recovery shows its major currents. If war comes—which God forbid—it will assuredly have to be mobilized for national use, and will be as useful in one centre as another.

There are two footnotes that I would wish to add to my survey this month.

One is a note of apology that—despite Mr. Keynes—I ended last month by saying that the really wise and informed commentators expected Mr. Chamberlain to borrow rather than raise all his armament expenditure by direct taxation; and Mr. Chamberlain is to borrow.

The other is that my defence of Unit Trusts in the January issue of the ENGLSH REVIEW *brought a spate of correspondence to which I can only reply collectively that a monthly magazine cannot pretend to give day-by-day news of individual trusts. If the Midland Bank informs me that the sixth distribution on the Series "A" certificates of the First Provincial Fixed Trust on February 20th will be at the rate of 4d. net per sub-unit I can only express the hope (on March 1st) that those investors who have chosen a Trust with a Unit all in Preference shares are by now enjoying the proceeds of their prudence. I cannot pretend to break the glad tidings, for that is the function of a daily newspaper.*

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE reception accorded to Herr Hitler's speech to the Reichstag is further evidence, if such were required, of a disquieting tendency in modern Europe to refuse to believe what is unpalatable. Propaganda of the most unscrupulous type has for so long made the present generation its own, not least in the so-called democratic countries, that a dictator cannot make any utterance without numbers of people taking it for granted that he must necessarily be a liar. In the case of Germany a large section of the British population simply will not hear the other side. One of the leading film-producing companies in this country (controlled by Jews, it may be added) has recently made an instructional film showing the growth of Germany between 1870 and 1914; the picture is strictly accurate, and has been vetted by one of our leading historians, himself a prominent Liberal, but it has been attacked in many quarters as Nazi propaganda because it tells the truth. Such an attitude can only drive one to despair.

For some weeks German diplomacy had been inept in the extreme, yet as soon as Herr Hitler exercises his authority on the side of moderation he is not believed. If the intention is, as it may well be, to throw him into the arms of his Chauvinists, nothing could be better conceived than the attitude of many of our fellow-countrymen. The Government Press is continually voicing its approval of Anglo-French co-operation, but it is only inducing its readers to believe in the good faith of France by suppressing all reference to the scandalous behaviour of M. Blum's administration in the Spanish civil war.

"Non-Intervention"

So long ago as last July the French Prime Minister told Señor Fernando de los Rios, who had come to Paris to buy aeroplanes for use against General Franco, "My soul is torn. I shall maintain my position at all costs, and in spite of all risks. We must help the Spain that is friendly to us. How? We shall see." M. Blum has not been deterred from keeping his word to the Spanish Reds by any promises

of non-intervention which he may subsequently have made to Mr. Eden. The following figures show the number of recruits sent to Spain from Perpignan in the period specified:

Départs	*par le Parthus*	*par Cerbère*
17 *novembre*	480 *volontaires*	
19 ,,		1,000 *volontaires*
24 ,,		900
26 ,,	450 ,,	
29 ,,	600 ,,	
6 *décembre*	320 ,,	1,000 ,,
13 ,,		1,500 ,,
20 ,,	350 ,,	
27 ,,	240 ,,	
3 *janvier*	420 ,,	
4 ,,		400 ,,
7 ,,	280 ,,	
10 ,,	200 ,,	

(*Gringoire*, Feb. 5th, 1937)

The German Press may have exaggerated in describing Perpignan as already sovietized, but there is little concealment of the fact that it is a clearing-house for men and supplies on their way to Catalonia, and municipal property has been placed at the disposal of Largo Caballero's recruiting-agents. From Perpignan the men are sent to Figueras in Catalonia by motor-bus. If, in the light of these facts, M. Blum is to be believed when he advocates non-intervention in Spain, surely Herr Hitler is entitled to like credence when he expresses his desire for peace.

The Powers have now decided to stop any more volunteers going to Spain, and it will be interesting to see whether M. Blum is either able or willing to implement his promise that France will collaborate in the enforcement of this ban. One is getting rather tired of the fulsome praise which is accorded to M. Blum in the British Press. Such undeserved adulation merely strengthens his position in his own country, when the great hope of Europe is the disappearance of him and of everything for which he stands.

The Spanish War

PROPAGANDA is so rife in all that relates to Spain that it is a relief to read *Spanish Journey* by Eleonora Tennant (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 2s. 6d.). Mrs. Tennant, who carried the National Government banner in Silvertown against Mr. Jack Jones at the last General Election, has travelled all over Nationalist Spain, and in this book she records her impressions. They are marked by a sincerity which must carry conviction. Moreover, Mrs. Tennant took care to see things for herself, which is more than appears to have been the case with some of our fellow countrymen who have allowed themselves to be carefully shepherded through the territories still in Red hands.

Not the least serious—and disconcerting—part of this book is the charge which the author brings against *The Times* and the B.B.C. of disseminating inaccurate and pro-Red information. In August the B.B.C. announced that Huelva had been retaken by the Madrid Government, when it was actually in Nationalist hands. "This caused 600 Rio Tinto miners to march on Huelva in the hope of taking part in the sack of the town. Near Huelva they met the Nationalist outposts, who opened fire, and about eighty of the miners were killed."

Mrs. Tennant quotes another instance from personal observation: "On Wednesday, October 28th, they broadcast that on October 27th Talavera had been bombed, great havoc caused, and nineteen insurgent planes shot down. I was in Talavera during this attack. About three Red planes came over and dropped a few bombs, which all fell just outside the town. No damage was done, and no planes of either side were shot down."

It is curious that both these mistakes should have represented successes for the Reds.

The Case of "The Times"

MRS. TENNANT points out a number of similar inaccuracies in *The Times*. On August 31st that paper announced that the Alcazar at Toledo was being defended by 400 cadets, who held a number of hostages, and were fed by supplies dropped from aeroplanes: there were only

seven cadets in the fortress, there were no hostages, and the garrison was never fed from the air. On September 19th the headings of the main column of the middle page were, "Grim End at Toledo—Alcazar Blown Up—Insurgents fight to the last—sixty-three days' Siege—Red Flag flying over Ruins," but, quite unabashed, on the 22nd of the same month *The Times* reported: "The struggle for the Alcazar at Toledo continues with unabated violence."

Mrs. Tennant rightly comments: "It is true that some of *The Times* correspondents appear to have quarrelled with the Nationalist Government . . . but this should not excuse our most famous newspaper from having, day by day, given so prejudiced and incorrect accounts of one of the most courageous episodes in history." These are by no means all the mis-statements pointed out by the author, and they are too reminiscent of those which occurred during the Italo-Abyssinian War not to be disconcerting, for the editing of news is the journalistic sin for which there can be no forgiveness.

The Habsburg Restoration

THE recent visit to London of Baron von Wiesner, the leader of the Austrian monarchists, is extremely significant. Both at the Royal Institute of International Affairs and at the House of Commons he addressed gatherings which it is no breach of confidence to say were largely in agreement with him, whereas only a few years ago it is inconceivable that he would even have got a hearing. Baron von Wiesner, like the Archduke Otto himself, based his case upon the fact that monarchist aspirations are limited to Austria within its present frontiers. He produced very convincing evidence that both the Austrian Government and the mass of the Austrian people are in favour of a return of the Habsburgs, and he made a spirited plea that his fellow-countrymen should be allowed to decide the question of their future regime without foreign interference.

All the evidence goes to show that the opposition of the Little Entente to a Habsburg restoration is weakening so long as Austria alone is concerned, and the real obstacle to-day is the hostility of Germany. In this connection it is

necessary to speak plainly. Those of us who have defended the right of the Germans to govern themselves in their own way are justified in saying that we expect Berlin to concede the same privilege to others. If Hitler wishes to impose his views upon those who live beyond the frontiers of the German Reich then there is nothing to distinguish him from Stalin, and the bottom falls out of his international crusade against Bolshevism. It is most sincerely to be hoped that there will always be harmony between Germany and Austria, but the regime adopted by Vienna is no concern of Berlin.

The Russian Purge

THE Russians have once again proved themselves to be the most patient people in the world, willing to put up with anything except liberty. If proof of this had been wanting it is supplied by the latest drive against Stalin's opponents. The Russian Revolution is going, though at a much slower pace, the way of the French, and Stalin, like Robespierre, has condemned himself to an isolated pre-eminence which may prove to be dangerous. Every day he becomes more dependent upon the army, and it is now a moot point whether the military are stronger in Russia or in Germany. The most curious aspect of the recent " trials " is not their unreality, but the fact that they ever took place at all; presumably the answer is that the dictator wishes to discredit, as well as to remove, those who differ from him.

It is to be hoped that no misplaced sentiment will induce the British Government to tolerate the presence of Litvinoff at His Majesty's Coronation, as has been suggested. On that occasion the King will undertake to defend the good and punish the wicked, and if Litvinoff is inside Westminster Abbey when that promise is made it will become a hollow sham. No doubt Russia will have to be represented at the Coronation (it is useless to expect her to have the decency to stay away), but the influence of Mr. Eden at Moscow is surely strong enough to ensure the presence of some less objectionable individual than Litvinoff. Actually, it is an

anomaly to have inside the Abbey representatives from a country that has "abolished" God.

The Mediterranean

SLOWLY but surely the evil consequences of the application of Sanctions are being liquidated in the Mediterranean area, and the resumption of friendly relations between Italy and Turkey is the latest in a series of reconciliations. It was clear that the decisions of the Montreux Conference could have no meaning without the adhesion of Italy, for, apart from ourselves, she is the one Power in a position to block the Dardanelles effectively. If she had played as false over Spain as the supporters of the Popular Front would have us believe, nothing would have been easier than for a few Italian submarines to have stopped supplies from Russia reaching the Peninsula. It must have been a sore temptation.

It is some years since relations between Italy and Turkey were on a satisfactory footing, for the Turks have always felt that the Dodecanese was a pistol pointed at them, and it is to be hoped that they are now reassured. There can be no doubt that the recent meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the two countries was arranged to some extent by the Foreign Office, and a tribute must be paid once again to the latter for its efforts to undo the results of its previous folly. True repentance, of course, would imply the confession of guilt, but so long as Mr. Eden is prepared to retrace his steps it is immaterial whether or no he does so in a white shirt. It must be a curious experience to be compelled to build up exactly what one has pulled down.

Jugoslav Policy

THE mystery which surrounds the relations between Jugoslavia and Bulgaria has not been dispelled, and in these circumstances it is not surprising that the other signatories of the Balkan Pact are becoming somewhat apprehensive as to what may be afoot. On the face of it there is nothing objectionable in the recent agreement between Sofia and Belgrade, but why does Bulgaria not now adhere to the Balkan Pact ? Last summer the Greeks very properly

made it quite clear to Jugoslavia that the Balkan Pact was not an appendix to the articles of association of the Little Entente, and that they were not going to be embroiled in Central Europe. Is this flirtation with the old enemy of Greece the tit-for-tat of Belgrade?

The policy of every Continental Power is to have lines out in as many directions as possible, and Jugoslavia is no exception. If the Little Entente holds together, well and good; it may check Germany on the one hand, and a Habsburg restoration on the other. If Italian influence is destined to increase, then there can be no harm in having an understanding with King Victor Emmanuel's son-in-law at Sofia. As for the Balkan Pact, it has no meaning for Jugoslavia if the Greeks are not prepared to accept the Jugoslav interpretation of their liberties. Some such reasoning may well lie behind the agreement between the two Slav Powers, but in that case they would do well to remember that when Great Britain and Italy agreed to respect the *status quo* in the Mediterranean that included the existing position in Thrace.

The Far East

THE Russian "trials," Herr Hitler's speech, and the war in Spain have distracted attention from the progress of events in the Far East. It is not easy to discover the real implication of Japanese politics, but in refusing to accept the Emperor's nominee as Prime Minister the army would have appeared to have defied the throne, which has not cared or dared to assert its authority. Does this mean that we are going to witness a return to the days of the Shogunate? "At that time," to quote a recent historian, "the Emperors were courteously treated, but assigned a very modest income, and allowed to communicate with the outside world . . . only through an official of the Shogun." History has a habit of repeating itself, if not in detail, at any rate along broad lines.

The military party clearly wants to get all power into its hands in order to deal with China before the latter sets its house in order, and a new Shogunate may be an essential

preliminary. In this connection it is absurd to talk of the Japanese army establishing the Fascist system, which is very different from a military despotism. In an ideal community those who wish to instruct the public would have to pass a test in the meaning of the terms they so freely use. "Fascism" and "Fascist" are wrongly applied in nine cases out of ten, and can generally be taken as terms of abuse directed against anyone, not an adherent of the Popular Front, who questions Mr. Baldwin's interpretation of democracy.

Saturday Night

By Geraint Goodwin

He had arranged to meet her at the Cross, but now he thought it was a bit too obvious. After all, things had not gone quite so far as that—he was only "walking out." But meeting at the Cross, in the very centre of the town, where the whole load of it debouched and this on a Saturday night, of all times, was putting it about.

And he did not like people eyeing him so closely; the procession went past him with an eye raised, and all the younger ones, as was their way, chirped in with the "How do, Len?" The "how do?" was just the town all over—the cheek of it, and the nastiness. He had to endure it, but he was pained.

But perhaps he was a little too conspicuous—for them. He had on a very lush imitation Homburg hat, which he had struck rather jauntily across his head, and his bow was tied loosely and drooped a little, which took the shine out of the celluloid "butterfly." The ready-made bows were only eightpence halfpenny from the Emporium, but this one he had tied himself—that was what made the difference. Otherwise he was smart—the lower extremities, the pin-striped trousers which had been under his bed for a week—the double-breasted waistcoat, and the black alpaca coat, were meant to advertise his neatness, his impeccable taste. The hat and the tie were meant to show that he was different—that he went beyond them. They called him "Lord Horton" because of his manner. He knew his nick-name, but did not mind it, was secretly flattered. But the little bit of difference he reserved for himself.

He kept tapping his malacca cane on the pavement in his annoyance. She was late. He craned his neck up to look at the town clock, but people were watching him. So he sauntered up the High Street casually, as though nothing were the matter.

She was always late, and he did not like it; and then, when she did turn up, she would burst out laughing and

catch him by the arm in a sweep of emotion, as though nothing had happened. It was some sort of an outrage—on himself.

Late for the pictures was one thing—they only missed the Pathé Gazette, but late for the opera was another. He felt in his breast pocket for the two reserved tickets, and twiddled them about. Never before, within his memory, had there been an opera in the town. Even now it was hard to believe, but there before him on the hoarding, reaching all the way down, already torn and scribbled on, read: *LA TRAVIATA, PAGLIACCI, CARMEN, CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA, MADAME BUTTERFLY*, and now, on the Saturday, *FAUST*. It was really one of the greatest days in his life—and she was late!

He wondered what he would say to her—but then it was no good saying anything. It was like water on a duck's back—she just went on in her own sweet way, and nothing would alter her. He did not understand her—but it was a pity that she did not understand him.

And she supposed to be musical! She carried off every prize at the local eisteddfods, and people were saying she should have her voice trained.

"Why?" she said, when he asked.

"Well . . . to get on."

"It's not good enough," she said, shaking her head.

"It might be."

"It might not. What will poor Megan do then, do then?" she laughed. Then she pretended to cry—making a great show of sobbing into her handkerchief. That was her all over.

"You mean you don't want to," he said stiffly.

"Perhaps not," she said, in her simple way.

That had been the end of the matter. He did not know her, but all this talk about her, and the overwhelming way she had, provoked him out of himself. He was sure that he loved her—only he wished that she was somehow different. But, then, the Welsh were such a queer lot—and a bit too theatrical. He did not like being taken unawares—and he was not sure that she was not laughing at him all the time.

He walked up to the Cross again, past the loafers who

were always spitting and chaffing one another on the kerb-side. The town was lighting up, with the worn, subdued festive air of a Saturday. Everybody was about the streets. Women unseen from week-end to week-end were out with little baskets, probing around the stalls, hovering round the shops, or walking with their husbands, two by two, in an unending line.

He went out to meet her, feeling that he should not go, but going. At the last lamp-post he waited. Beyond that the road trailed away into Wales; the garishness of the little town was cut off as though with a knife. Beyond him the road went off into the mountains, lurching up there at the valley's end. He struck the lamp-post with his cane, and pranced about. He would give her five minutes.

But when he saw her hurrying down the road a load came off him. He knew it was her by her walk—the urgent sweep about it, as though her feet were too slow to carry her. But he bristled as she came on towards him.

She was only nineteen, but she was a woman. Her figure had filled out, and her breasts were heavy with a certain sweeping proud grandeur of her own. She was not pretty, with her rather pale face, inclined to muddiness, and her features were not regular, but her large, wide-open eyes and the edge of jet-black hair like a frame to it, redeemed them. She was "striking," as they said, but she was not pretty. And she did not seem to care. Her father was only a "ganger" on the railway, and her mother was dead, and she had care of the family. She had not time for the rest.

"What's the game?" he said, beside himself.

She caught him by the arm in her impulsive way, but he shook it free. Her eyes clouded, and then hardened—

"Well . . . ?"

"We got ten minutes to get there."

"Well—plenty of time."

"What about me?" he said. "I don't count!"

"Don't be silly," she said, laughing.

"Silly!" he said, his lips tight. "I like that!"

"Don't you want me to come?" she said, her wide eyes open.

"I don't care," he sniffed.

"Right!" she flashed, and turned round.

"Megan . . ." He ran after her, and caught her by the shoulders. "Look—look here," he said, "it's too bad. Be fair."

"Too bad!" she mimicked, pursing her lips, and screwing her face up.

"Well—it is!"

"Of course!" she said. "Too bad for you! That our Emrys has got the croup—that I ought not to come, that's nothing."

"How was I to know?" he asked, shamefaced.

"By having a think," she said. She stamped her foot.

"But you're always late," he replied. "You've no idea of time."

"What if I haven't?" she flashed. "You want things your way—all wrapped up, nice and proper. I've had about enough."

"No," he said, "I didn't mean it—not really."

He felt himself lost before her, defenceless. She went right over him in her overwhelming way, and he could only stutter. He felt that she was right—because she was always right. It was only afterwards that he felt that she was making him feel small. He did not like it, and he did not like her because she was the cause of it. But when she was there—standing before him, with her wide eyes open and a temper to her like a sprung blade—then he felt lost and bewildered. He felt that if he let her go there would be nothing worth having.

"Come on," he said, linking his arm through hers, "let bygones be bygones."

One brief, derisive look, the curl of a smile, and then she melted. That was just like her—she was all hot or cold, and she never let anything rankle. They walked back into the town, she talking away gaily, the words tumbling out in the uprush of emotion.

"Can you afford it, Len?" she said, her eyes raised. "I mean . . . really?"

"Can I!" he said, in a sudden proprietary way, giving his cane a swing. "Can I!" he said again. "You bet!

Look here," he went on, lifting the flap of his overcoat, and showing the top of the box.

He patted it with a wink.

"Why, Len—it's a pound box!"

"Perhaps," he said casually.

"There's extravagance! You ought not to."

"Why not?"

"Well, you ought not to—that's why."

He wanted to say something more—the words came up in a sudden rush and choked him. He could have got them out if they weren't walking so fast; as it was, he could not get them out. People would stop and look at them, would smirk and snigger, and wonder what was the matter. They were in the High Street, with its shops and stalls, and flooded windows, the tradesmen shouting, and the people jostling.

He had never felt like that before. It eased off a bit, but the surging, triumphant feeling kept coming up in him. The thought of the opera, and she beside him, perhaps holding his hand—the costumes and the singing, and the light and glitter of it; that far-away, magnificently remote world rose up before him.

"It's *Faust*," he said, in his exuberance.

"Oh," she said; no more.

"Don't you like it?" he went on, peeved.

"How *can* I tell?—and me never heard it? You are funny," she added.

He remembered that he had not, either. But it upset him quite a lot that one could talk about *Faust* like that, whether one had heard it or not. *Faust* was *Faust*.

"Dad says it's the best," he went on.

He was on firm ground again. His father was first violin in the local musical society. He always said: "Ah . . . Gounod!" and gave his little imperial beard a tug, and rolled up his eyes. The front room piano was loaded with operatic numbers. To his father, who was a clerk, as he was, music was life, and though he himself did not play any instrument at all, he was sure that music was something that could not be discussed. He would like to have told her a lot more, only he was afraid to—he could not

forget that she was a singer of " rare promise." Ever since the local paper had described her so, he was sure that he loved her; now that he knew that he did love her, he wished that she was like anyone else, for the bitter knowledge of it—that she did, and he only " knew "—left him bare and naked; this little closed door, this secret little loft in his mind, had somehow become of no account, littered up with odds and ends that belonged to nobody, were of no use to anyone. It was some sort of sacrilege.

So he said again—" That's what Dad says."

" Well, your father knows ! "

He did not like the way she said it, and looked sideways at her. But he was not sure.

" You're . . . you're sure you're going to enjoy yourself ? " he reached out.

" Oh, Len—if I do, I do. How *can* I say ? "

They walked up the length of the High Street, keeping on the edge of the kerb, and often finding themselves buffeted off into the roadway.

As it was Saturday night, the place was full to overflowing. Up and down the roadway went the young people of the town in long lines, arms linked together, laughing and shouting—a row of youths and a row of girls, giggling behind, with some sort of traffic between. The opera was not for them, he thought, with a certain pride—they had been done out of their night at the pictures. A good job, too.

They turned at the Bridge, down the alley-way to the Public Hall, now the cinema. The operator had run up a line of lights over the porch—red and blue and pink—and the big hoarding announcing *FAUST* stood propped up against a portico. There was a picture of a man with a beard and another with a sword, and then in big block capitals the list of the caste. He had seen them come in on the ten train on Monday, all huddled together, and Ernie Weaver, the porter, wheeling the cane hampers up behind them. He stood in the office window and watched, stemming down the secret sense of shame he felt—that so much could look so little. They stayed at The Golden Rule, which was the theatrical digs in the old days, in the heyday of the throbbing

flannel mills, when they got the same companies as Oswestry, and it had gone around that they could knock back port and lemons one after another, and no one was quite sure who was the husband of who. That was just like the town—football results and pictures, and what did Art mean? They thought it a joke. Well, let them snigger.

Inside, the hall had been transformed. They had brought chairs into the " threepennies " and moved off the benches. The best seats were in front, instead of at the back, as at the pictures. He was pleased that it was so—this sense of difference. But the chairs were too far apart for his liking, and when, after a time, he tried to move nearer, to get within the sense of her, his chair screeched over the polished parquet floor, and people looked around at him. He thought he would try again when the lights went down, but then he remembered that the lights would not go down.

She was enjoying it all like a child at a peepshow—waiting for the people to come out. When they did, she leaned forward in her chair, screwing up her programme.

" Listen to the orchestra," he said, with a quiet nudge. " Gounod . . . ! " he added.

Marguerite was a thin-chested woman, with a face drawn and pasty, and great daubs of rouge like raddle on her face. She sang in a sort of defiance—of the audience, of everything. The hero was a fair man, with a wheeze and a waddle, and the pressure of his paunch had blown out his hose. He was sweating a great deal, and by the end of the scene his face shone through the grease paint. And there was some argument going on *sotto voce* between them and Faust at the curtains. But they'd got the house, all right. The people had never seen anything like it before. He clapped his hands until they hurt, and then began to stamp on the floor. Once or twice he shouted " Bravo! " But the people in front looked round again and the word died in his throat.

" All right? " he said, as an afterthought, turning to her.

" Grand! " she said, with a nod. " How long does it go for? "

" Don't you like it, then? " His jaws came together in a clip.

"Why—of course."

"We're only half way through," he said, waving his programme as the curtain went up. "The duel next," he whispered. He pushed the box of chocolates across to her in his urgency.

"How's he going to fall down?" she said, catching him by the arm. "Oh, Len! When he dies!"

"Shish!" he said, reaching forward in his seat, his eyes fixed on the slot of light on the stage.

The fat man expired slowly. His sword dropped to the boards in a clatter, and he swung round, his arms aloft. He went round twice, with an anxious eye on the sword, and then let his legs bend; very slowly he went down on his haunches, and then let himself out on the floor. But the duel had taken too much out of him; his paunch rose and fell in his breathlessness. Nothing he could do would stop it rising and falling; slowly he reached for his cape and drew it round him, and so expired.

"Oh, Len—look; do look!"

Very gently, like a poplar nodding, the scenery began to bend. The big canvas slat reached over the stage, and then straightened itself.

The dead man saw it, and reached his neck up, turning his bloodshot eyes up anxiously.

"Mind out!" someone shouted from the gallery. The house began to titter.

The fat man was dead again, but he couldn't keep his head down; he felt uneasy there on the floor and, try as he would, he kept reaching his neck up.

Faust moved across and got his backside against the canvas, and Marguerite went on singing.

"Watch out, Surrey!" rang out the same voice, and the dead man's head was raised as though jerked.

This time there was no doubt about it. The slat had heeled over at an alarming angle. Faust took it on his shoulders and, as the weight bent him, slid his feet on the board floor to get a foothold. Marguerite ran prancing over the stage, both arms outstretched, and put her weight to it. And Faust, feeling the weight too much for him, said something to the fat man which was heard all over the

hall. But the fat man could not get up, try as he would; he was like a beetle on its back.

The house let itself go in a roar.

"Louts!" said Len through his teeth.

Slowly, with infinite menace, the big slat drooped downwards. The fat man, seeing it coming, did a roll, but he could not roll far enough; instead, he put his feet up in the air to break the fall, and waved his hands helplessly. Faust was bent double under the weight; it was only a question of time. Suddenly his feet slid on the boards and the big canvas toppled over him. It came down with a resounding whack, sending up a cloud of dust—this old worn piece, that had been down in the cellars of the Public Hall for twenty years.

When the cloud of dust had lifted, the fat man was discovered impaled, his head through it, and, farther down, his leather buskins sticking up. He looked like a man on the stocks, stretched horizontal.

The house was roaring.

"Go it, Surrey," the lads were shouting. "Mind theeself."

And in its fall it had brought with it the scene hands whom they all knew: the manager and the cinema operator and the little lad in buttons who sold programmes, all of whom had been holding on behind. They were flung forward in a heap, and then began to walk sheepishly up the slat into the safety of the wings, but their feet went through it like men in the snow.

The house went on roaring; people shouted encouragement to them, calling on them by name. And then they all walked in a troupe to the fat man, and pushed his head back through the canvas, and out of sight. But the dust and grime of years was too much for him—it bobbed up again through the hole. And this time he began to use language which, although not heard in the uproar, was plainly understood.

"Oh, Len. Look, look!" she screamed. She caught him by the arm. She was bent double with tears streaming down her face.

"Funny?" he said, shaking his arm free.

Her wide-open eyes turned to him, steady.

"Why, Len . . . ?"

"Funny?" he said again, his face gone grim and set.

"Len! Whatever *is* the matter?" she asked, hurt.

"We'd better go," he answered briefly. He reached down for his coat under the seat, and picked up his stick.

"If you like," she said, her voice changing.

They hustled along the row of seats, and he pushed the swing doors open for her rudely. All up the High Street he said no word. She walked along beside him, keeping pace with his long strides.

"This is the end," he said, at last.

"Whatever *is* the matter?" She had waited for him to speak.

"Let's leave it at that," he said, his lips tight shut.

"Are you mad?" she asked, unbelieving.

"I've had enough."

"What do you mean . . . *enough*?"

"Of . . . of everything."

"Oh, I see. So that's it!" She stopped in her stride. "Well, you can go," she said, nodding her head. "I know my way."

"I'll see you home," he answered grandiloquently.

"Thank you," she said, very tight and drawn. "I'm particular."

They stood there, toe to toe in the lighted street. But he could not let her go.

"Why did you?" he implored. "Like them!" he jerked a finger over his shoulder.

"Don't be a fool," she said, her spirit rising. "That's what you are—a *fool*!"

"Perhaps," he sniffed.

"No perhaps. A fool!" She stamped her foot.

"We shall see," he said, turning his head up and sniffing again.

"Will we?" she flashed. "You poor . . . mutt!"

He bowed under the storm, very superior.

"If I am a mutt . . ." he began.

"Yes . . . a mutt," she shouted, stamping her foot

again. "That's just what you are! Dead from the neck up—so now you know!"

She turned on her heel, her eyes flashing and her bosom lifting, and then strode off up the road.

"Megan," he called after her, seeing her go away from him—out of his life. "Be fair, now—be fair!"

"*Ach!*" she shouted, in her frenzy, tossing her head up. "Fair! Keep your fair!"

When she got out of the town she felt easier. All the way along the streets, with their thin, fitful lamps alight, the whiff of the slums and "courts" in their foul cluster: the weight of it, the sense of it, oppressed her. She felt as though she would choke, that she was too tight to breathe; her breasts rose and fell in her choler, and her hands gripped and loosened themselves as she went.

But once without the town she felt better. There was a big round harvest moon that went on steadily across the sky, a ripe edge to it, and the little fleeces of cloud hung draped about like streamers. When it came right out of the cloud the valley all before her rose up out of the darkness, very gently, in a swill of light: the fields and the tall, nodding elms of the Plas, and the Severn in a long white streak, and the hills all round about, very quiet and still; and then there, up beyond her home, the ragged edge of mountain framed up in the sky. It was all so still and quiet, with that first autumnal breath on it—the soft, subdued light-in-darkness of the autumn. She stood there on a stile, the anger gone out of her like a puff. Anyhow, it was all over.

All over— A faint fear, an unalterable little dead weight of dread, came to take possession of her. What did it matter—she did not love him, she told herself. Did she? No—how could she? But she felt sorry now—sorry for him, sorry for herself, sorry for life, sorry for everything.

Right up the valley the moonlight went, flooding it—the clear, crisp fields, empty now, with the harvest gathered, the brown, ripe stubble like the squares on a quilt, holding the texture, the ripe, brittle ends of a life that had gone, slowly to moulder into the earth with the rain and snow of

winter. The winter was coming—but then there would be spring again soon, and then the summer and another harvest —and then winter again.

She did not love him—not really. How nice it would be—to be really in love with somebody . . .

The tears were streaming down her face. She pretended not to notice them, but the whole of the world before her was blurred and hidden. She rubbed her eyes and saw there, on the edge of sight, the old mountains up against the sky, very grey and ancient.

She heard her brother crying, and hurried across the field to the little cottage by the level crossing. There was no other sound in the house: her father must have gone out on the spree, then—it was Saturday night. She ran breathless over the last field, and let herself in. One of the children was on the stairs, his face wan and frightened.

"Our Emrys is fine and bad," he said, trying not to cry.

"Hush. Go to bed. This min-nit!"

"Was it nice?" he said, disappearing.

"Go to bed," she shouted, as he scampered up.

She hurried up to the cot and took out the little figure swathed in flannel, and pressed him to her.

"There, there," she crooned. Her breasts filled, and her voice came out warm and rich and infinitely tender.

She rocked the child backwards and forwards in her arms, humming the while.

"Our Meg?" he pleaded, reaching up his hot face. "This wance?"

"Will you be good, then?" she asked, setting him down and bending over him. "Getting spoilt, you arr!"

"*Pant Corlan,*" whispered the other brother, from the door.

"*Will* you go to bed?" she shouted. "Playing a game, you arr—the lot of you."

"*Pant Corlan,*" he begged again.

"Oh, dear. You arr wans. All of you," she said. She wanted to laugh. The little one, free from the attack, was sitting up in bed again, waiting, his big round eyes winking.

"You *arr* bad, I must say," she laughed. Everything

was all right again now. She felt daft in the sudden rush of her joy.

The elder children had crept in from the other room and sat around her in a ring, their white, anxious faces raised.

So she sang for them, as she promised, an old Welsh folk song, *Pant Corlan yr Wyn*, about the shearing, and then gave them, as a special treat, a song called *Hen Aelwyd Cymru* (The Old Welsh Hearth), her heart full to brimming. Her breasts had gone out in the flood tide of her emotion, and the old *hiraeth* came up in her throat: her eyes were half shut in the longing, and her beautiful contralto voice, clear and low, went out with an infinite tenderness.

"There, now," she said at last, as she sent off the elder children to their room. "That will be three-and-sixpence, if you please. Front seats!"

As she tucked up the little one for the night, he said, half awake:

"Our Meg . . . ?"

"Hush."

"You're . . . not going to go away?"

"There's silly!" she whispered.

"Fine and nice," he said, turning over drowsily, the songs still with him. That was to be her recompense.

The Theatre

THE NEW THEATRE has for some time been establishing itself as the West End home of Shakespeare. It housed Mr. Gielgud's *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*; it gave hospitality for a very few nights to M. Komisarjevsky's version of *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which Miss Eugenie Leontovitch made so disastrous an appearance. Now it offers for a short season a charming production of *As You Like It*. Here is Shakespearian comedy well staged and brilliantly acted. Such a treat should be snatched—especially as Miss Edith Evans heads the cast.

Her Rosalind is magnificently exuberant. Some may demand a more kittenish—perhaps a more Bergnerish?—rendering of the part; I prefer Miss Evans's ironic fun. It may be urged that she neglects the lyric quality in Rosalind, that she does not make her enough of a girl in love. She certainly gives her a sprightly rather than a treacly romanticism; but this will not appear outrageous to those who believe that *As You Like It* is a pretty frolic, and nothing more. Rosalind is not Juliet: she is no star-crossed lover, but a playful, resilient young woman. How bitterly would Juliet have received the usurping Duke's decree of banishment; how quickly does Rosalind recover from the shock! She is full of confidence, not clinging to Orlando, but mocking him with her boy's disguise. She does not lack sentiment, but I believe that Miss Evans is right in not underlining it too heavily. That is a mistake a lesser actress might have made.

If you seek sentiment in this production, observe Miss Marie Ney. She brings such enchanting sweetness to Celia that you no longer wonder why she is so easily won by Orlando's penitent brother. Her good nature would never allow her to rebuff a sincere suitor. Mr. Michael Redgrave's Orlando is likewise romantic, though not starved of wit. He is an athlete, too. His bout with the Duke's wrestler is highly realistic.

Mr. Leon Quartermaine does not make the melancholy Jacques too whimsical. He gives him a pointed assurance which serves well in the "Ages of Man" speech. Mr. Neil Porter is a nicely sinister Duke Frederick, and Oliver benefits from Mr. Valentine Dyall's fine voice.

Mr. Esme Church's smooth production uses formal settings which suit the eighteenth-century style of the dresses. The advancement by a century or so of these gambols in the Forest of Arden may irritate some pedants. It did not jar upon me.

While Miss Evans's Rosalind was the acting triumph of the past month, I would not ignore a distinguished performance by a

less familiar actress—Miss Valerie Taylor. It was not her fault that the play in which she appeared—*The Orchard Walls*, adapted by Mr. Merton Hodge from the Hungarian of Ladislaus Fodor—only survived four nights at the St. James's Theatre. The piece had little merit, but it at least tested and proved the resource of Miss Taylor. She compelled you to believe in the girl who abandoned an impoverished lover for a middle-aged, thrice-divorced, genially stupid millionaire, and for this reason: she so enlarged and improved the part that the minx who at first sight deserved a thorough spanking presently became a figure of bitter tragedy, demanding and evoking sympathy. This sensitive interpretation even emerged triumphant from the many post-marriage encounters of the girl and her jilted suitor, when the air grew heavy with memories and regrets. It is appalling to reflect how these romantic meetings might have been mismanaged by an actress less thoughtful than Miss Taylor. I hope she will soon be seen in a more worthy part.

The month also saw the return to the stage of Miss Renée Kelly, who played the child in the original production of *Daddy Longlegs*. I wish she had not chosen to make her reappearance in E. C. Pollard's *Strange Barrier*, which opened at the Little Theatre on February 12th. The piece so lacks suspense that my mind was always a step ahead of the argument. The nature of the main situation was apparent far too early in the evening. When, towards the end of Act 1, a middle-aged cad was drowned by falling from the houseboat in which he was clumsily trying to seduce a young teacher of dancing, I knew that his son and the girl would soon be in love. And so they were. I was likewise aware, from heavy hints dropped in the first quarter of an hour, that presently the boy's uncle and the girl's elder sister would be engaged. And so they were. Nor did I need second sight to determine that the girl would discover the boy's paternity; that she would shrink from him; that he would stumble upon her secret; that both would decide not to allow the past to destroy their happiness (they tended to converse in clichés); and that the curtain would fall on a vigorous embrace. It was all, unfortunately, so obvious.

There is some excuse for lovers using the traditional jargon of romance, but all the other characters were similarly addicted to the stilted phrase. I noted two terrible examples: "This is no time for reproaches" and "Just as I was beginning to look upon her as I would my own daughter!" Pointed talk might have helped to hide the play's faulty construction; such language as this made it even more conspicuous.

Miss Kelly lent grace and charm to the boy's mother, but the

best performance came from Miss Gillian Maude, as the girl—the only manageable part.

In *Suspect*, at the St. Martin's, Miss Mary Morris, the American actress, made her first appearance on the English stage. She played a mysterious Mrs. Smith—it is a theatrical convention that all Mrs. Smiths are mysterious—who thirty years previously, as Margaret Wishart, had been charged at Musselburgh with axing her father and stepmother. The Scottish jury returned a verdict of "not proven," and since then Mrs. Smith had been trying to forget her narrow escape from the gallows in a house on the Cornish coast.

The play did not progress far before Sir Hugo Const, a newspaper proprietor paying a chance visit, recognized Mrs. Smith; for, as a young reporter, he had "covered" the trial of Margaret Wishart. He immediately passed on the news to his friend Doctor Rendle, whose daughter was about to marry Mrs. Smith's son, and the play became virtually a re-trial of Margaret Wishart. Despite some forced situations, this procedure held my interest, though I felt that the "twist" at the final curtain was too sudden to be completely effective.

Miss Morris gave Mrs. Smith iron nerves and a stately presence; Mr. David Horne, as Sir Hugo, and Mr. Campbell Gullan, as the doctor, made a contrasting pair of inquisitors; Mr. Stafford Hilliard's genial clergyman was well done.

Finally, a few words on two musical shows. *Home and Beauty*, at the Adelphi, is said to be Mr. Cochran's last revue. It is not his best, but I expect everyone will see it. That is the advantage of being Mr. Cochran. This time he offers Mr. A. P. Herbert's wit, Miss Gitta Alpar's voice and assorted fooling by Miss Binnie Hale and Mr. Nelson Keys. Some of Mr. Herbert's lines are too allusive for the man-in-the-stalls, and Miss Gitta Alpar might have sacrificed at least one song in order to make way for a good dancing scene. Mr. Keys and Miss Hale show their comic paces whenever they have the opportunity. The piece is staged with Mr. Cochran's usual tasteful brilliance.

After three sticky scenes *On Your Toes* develops into a diverting and original light entertainment—a burlesque of the Russian ballet which reaches its climax in a choreographic melodrama, *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*. Mr. Jack Whiting is a pleasant comedian; Miss Vera Zorina points a pretty toe; Miss Gina Malo makes a charming soubrette. Mr. Vernon Kelso gives a neat sketch of a pompous impresario, and Miss Olive Blakeney booms cynicisms with terrific gusto. You will not pass a dull evening at the Palace.

PHILIP STOCKIL.

Gramophone Notes

An Historical Survey

A REMARKABLY comprehensive survey of the history and development of instrumental music over a period of nearly two and a half centuries is provided by this month's issues of new records. Commencing with J. S. Bach we can proceed to Haydn and Mozart with J. C. Bach as a link between the " Polyphonic " and " Viennese " schools, then on to Beethoven and the " Romantics " in the persons of Weber and Berlioz, with Dvořák to represent the " Nationalists " and to lead us to Stravinsky and Szostakowicz.

Bach *père* is represented by the "Italian Concerto" played by Wanda Landowska (2 H.M.V. Records, 12*s*.). I am glad that this is played as conceived and not in a piano transcription for the imitation of the solo-and-orchestra type of concerto intended by Bach is not as effective on the piano as on the harpsichord with its two manuals. Madame Landowska gives a superb performance, but this is a little discounted in the first and last movements by reason of the over-nearness of the instrument to the microphone. We hear too much of the " works." The beautiful slow movement, and the Preludes 1, 2 and 3 and Fugue from Little Preludes and Fugues which occupy the odd side of the second disc, are, however, perfect.

Esther Meynell, in *Sussex Cottage*, tells of a woman member of a village choir who, after singing some of J. S. Bach's music at Glyndebourne, said " I never knew as music could be like that—kind of all wove together like, instead of just a tune." Surely a surprisingly concise and accurate description of the essential difference between the " Polyphonic " and the " Harmonic " schools! The transition from one to the other is well exemplified in the next brace of records which contains Mozart's "Concerto No. 1 for Harpsichord and Orchestra" with the "Rondo" from J. C. Bach's "Harpsichord Concerto in C" as make-weight on the last side (2 Columbia records, 12*s*.). The Mozart is a youthful composition, and is really an arrangement of movements from a sonata by an unnamed French composer. Both tunes and the working-out are exuberantly attractive. John Christian Bach—often called the London Bach—wrote a lot of excellent and enjoyable music, and we should probably hear more of it had he not been his father's son. Madame Roesgen-Champion, who is the soloist in these records, plays with great neatness, and is sympathetically supported by the Paris Symphony Orchestra, and the recording of the difficult and somewhat explosive harpsichord is managed more discreetly than

in the previous records. The whole scale is smaller, but this is no disadvantage.

I am sorry not to be able to recommend the Haydn records very highly (3 Decca-Polydor records, 7*s.* 6*d.*). The "Quartet in B flat major, Op. 76, No. 4" is a lovely and typical work, but neither the playing nor the recording is of the highest quality. Incidentally, the record labels give the key as " B major " instead of " B flat major."

Beethoven extended and developed the classical forms of Haydn and Mozart tremendously. At times, indeed, he poured so much into the moulds that they burst and the contents overflowed. The last five piano sonatas are in this category and are somewhat hard nuts for the ordinary individual to crack. They are, however, supremely well worth the effort, and of them all perhaps the "Sonata in E major, Op. 109" is the easiest. If one may regard these five works as a family, the " E major " is the sister of four strong and sturdy brothers. Here we have it played by Wilhelm Kempff (3 Decca-Polydor records, 12*s.*), and a very fine and well-recorded performance it is. The contrasts of the first movement are perfectly balanced, and, despite its speed, the second movement is wonderfully clear. There is a certain stiffness in some of the long trills in the last movement, but when did one hear these played perfectly ?

Though many earlier composers had sought to portray emotions and scenes in instrumental music, Beethoven's "Symphony No. 6 in F major" is the first great example of " programme music." It is significant that Beethoven appends to his score the statement that it is " the expression of feelings rather than painting," and declared it to be an expression of his love of country life. As Sir Donald Tovey succinctly puts it, " if it does not express ours so much the worse for us." It is a lovable work and we shall wait a very long time before we get a more delightful performance than Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra gives us on five H.M.V. records (30*s.* complete with album).

" Programme music " was carried much farther than " the expression of feelings " by some of Beethoven's contemporaries and successors—the " Romantics " as they are often called—and Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" is a charming example of a detailed though very simple story told in music. The composer indicated the numbers of the bars illustrating the different scenes, and the little comedy is very easy to follow—a request and a shy refusal, a more urgent request and consent, animated conversation, the dance, the man's expression of thanks and the lady's bow of

acknowledgment. Ignaz Friedman gives a dazzling performance (Columbia, 4*s*.), and one is glad to have this happy little composition in its original form and not in the more frequent orchestral dress. It is also good to find the record properly labelled. It is *so* often called the "Invitation to the *Waltz*."

The arch-priest of "programme music" is Berlioz, who wrote very little music which is not in some measure programmatic. Curiously enough, the present example, "Carnaval Romain Overture" (Columbia, 6*s*.), has no detailed programme, but the thematic material is taken from the unsuccessful opera "Benvenuto Cellini." The London Philharmonic Orchestra, as always, is at its polished best under the magical baton of Sir Thomas Beecham, who does not, I am thankful to say, need to hurry the tempo in order to achieve brilliance.

For a century and a half or so Germany had dominated instrumental music, and now came the time for other countries to throw off this yoke just as Germany was in course of throwing off the Italian operatic yoke. The rise of the Nationalist epoch was a natural development of the Romantic movement and was wide spread throughout Europe. The Bohemian Dvořák is a typical Nationalist, and the performance of his seductive "Slavonic Dance No. 16 in A flat" by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra (H.M.V., 2*s*. 6*d*.) may be regarded as authoritative and is splendidly recorded.

After a period in which emotions were freely expressed, a reaction was inevitable, and Stravinsky is in the forefront of the revolt. His subjects are often romantic but his treatment has become less and less emotional as time has passed. The "Fire Bird Suite" is one of his earlier and most attractive works. It is quaintly tuneful and gorgeously coloured orchestrally. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra are superb in music of this description. This suite occupies five sides of three records (H.M.V., 18*s*.), and the sixth side contains a short work by Szostakowicz, a composer of the U.S.S.R. The music of his which I have heard previously deals with factories and machines. What the "Prelude in A flat" is about I do not pretend to know. I see by the record label that the present performance is a transcription, so probably it started life as a composition for piano. George Bernard Shaw in *Man and Superman* says that "music is the brandy of the damned," but he had not heard this. So we arrive at the music of to-day—or is it to-morrow?

W. A. CHISLETT.

Literary Supplement

DICTATORS. By JACQUES BAINVILLE. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THIS IS an uneven book, and is not to be mentioned in the same breath with many of the author's other works. To discuss in one short volume the world's dictators from Pisistratus to Hitler was too ambitious a task even for the late M. Bainville, and the natural consequence is that the account of some is by no means adequate. The descriptions of the Greek and Roman dictators, Primo de Rivera, and Hitler are excellent; the author is flattering and just to Mussolini, though his estimate lacks distinction; but the other sketches leave a good deal to be desired. On the other hand, there are few mistakes, one of which, however, is to write of "the regular forces of the Crown" in the reign of Charles I.

Among so many trees it is difficult to see the wood, and the task is not rendered any easier by the inclusion of those, such as Louis XIV, who would not appear to have any right to a place in the collection. The South American *caudillos*, too, might well have been excluded, for they add little to our knowledge of dictatorship as an institution. On the other hand, M. Bainville rightly calls attention to the absence of dictators in the Middle Ages, and suggests that this was "because Feudalism was based on an assemblage of rights and duties so rigidly interdependent that there was no room for a usurper to creep in." He cites, as the exception to prove the rule, "Italy, on which Feudalism never established more than a precarious hold." This is an interesting and suggestive observation, particularly in view of the fact that more than one of the dictators of to-day is working to leave as his heir the Corporate State, which is Feudalism in modern clothes.

The dictator, both in the ancient and contemporary world, has made his appearance when a form of government breaks down, and when the people can stand the incompetence or selfishness of their rulers no longer. In every case the dictator has faced problems, particularly of an administrative and social nature, with which preceding regimes were afraid to deal, and it is a remarkable fact that the opposition never comes from the working class but from the so-called intellectuals. The dictatorship looks to the future rather than to the past, and whatever charges may be brought against it, that of being reactionary cannot be made by any honest critic.

Then, again, the dictator appeals to the heart, while democracy at the best is a cold and bloodless creed. It pre-supposes an interest by all people in all politics all the time, whereas to-day that interest is palpably on the wane, not least because the problems which now face the rulers of mankind are such that no ordinary layman can

understand them. The result is that "vested interests" gain control of the State, which has become powerless to resist them. In the fullness of time a dictator appears to the satisfaction of all who have not had a share in the loot. That is what has happened in Italy, Germany, Poland, and Portugal, to quote but four examples.

M. Bainville concludes his study by saying, "It is desirable to be sparing of them (i.e. dictatorships), desirable, that is, not to have need of them, or not to drift into them unwittingly." He quotes Goethe when asked if the human race would ever see the end of war, "Yes," answered the sage of Weimar, "provided that governments are always intelligent, and the governed always reasonable." M. Bainville observes, "We will say the same of dictators."

CHARLES PETRIE.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF ENGLISH GOVERNMENT. By K. B. SMELLIE. (100 Years Series.) *Duckworth.* 15*s.*

THE BRITISH CIVIL SERVANT. Edited by W. A. ROBSON. *George Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE TOTAL number of persons in the Civil Service is now well over 400,000; it thus requires 1 per cent. of the population to administer the other 99. What a change since an Ushership of the Exchequer and a Clerkship of Estreats made secure for Horace Walpole the conceits of Strawberry Hill, and Gibbon could perfect his style in his library while he forgot his seat at the Board of Trade! Mr. Smellie begins his story with the great Reform Act, but clearly shows that the gradual development from administrative *laissez-faire* to the Governmental ubiquity of to-day owes its origins to the problems of an acute industrial development which was accentuated by a long war. Under three headings, "The State and Society," "Government and Parties," and "The Machinery of Administration," he traces the muddled and chaotic growth of our present Civil Service. It is amusing now to read of the jealous grasp of functions, of the redundancy and overlap of officialdom, which prevailed at the beginning of this development, to see the President of the Local Government Board given a casting vote though his Commissioners never met; and the laborious evolution of the Civil Service of to-day is carefully and patiently followed by Mr. Smellie. Occasionally one gropes for his meaning; occasionally a sentence seems misleading—how, for example, did Grey when appointed to the Foreign Office "satisfy party tradition by being a commoner," when among the Liberal Foreign Secretaries since 1832 only Lord John Russell had not been a peer?—and it would have been interesting to hear more of the history of the India Office and of its early

relations with the Court of Directors. The presence of a few minor slips (e.g. 1872 for 1782 on p. 101) only serves to show more clearly the tangled mass of facts from which the author has unravelled his narrative.

The British Civil Servant is a collection of eleven essays by different authors. Between them they cover not only every branch of what is usually accepted as the Civil Service, but also the Local Government services and the great semi-official Corporations, such as the B.B.C. and the L.P.T.B. Some of the essays are expository, some critical; most are both. Their principal concern is with personnel. Are the civil services getting the right men, and are the young men being so trained that their ability may be best employed: these are their chief questions. Mr. Robson begins with a demand for a *carrière ouverte aux talents*—though he makes *carrière* masculine—and Mr. Harold Nicolson suggests that this might be achieved in the Foreign Office by the amalgamation of the Diplomatic and Consular services. Mrs. Ray Strachey with ardent feminism and a slight inconsistency in orthography demands equality for women and pleads for their admission to diplomacy. The public school and university caste is not in disfavour, for Mr. Hill is anxious to make it possible for graduates to enter the local services, many of which are barred to them by age; it is simply an anxiety to secure the best men which leads the majority of the essayists to find fault with existing conditions of entrance. Sir Ernest Simon, writing of the Chief Officers in Local Service, wishes to have a powerful authority, for choice the Town Clerk, to balance the transitory position of the Lord Mayor; but Mr. Hill, writing of the lower ranks, finds the prospect distasteful. The B.B.C. incurs from Mr. Finer the criticism which we have come to expect; and where a Government Department is praised, it is of course the Post Office. These essays are equal neither in merit nor in texture, but they present a very comprehensible picture of the juggernaut which governs us.

MICHAEL MACLAGAN.

A Constitutional History of British Guiana. By Sir Cecil Clementi. *Macmillan & Co. Ltd.* 20s.

NOT VERY much is known, or has been written, about British Guiana and Sir Cecil Clementi's book will be welcomed as a contribution to our knowledge of the only British possession on the South American mainland. It is a thorough and careful study by one who has been Colonial Secretary and who is fully acquainted not only with the administration of the colony but also with its

history. It is not, however, an easy book to read, partly because many of the constitutional questions have a tendency to repeat themselves and partly because the author has given his knowledge full scope and has dealt with each question in exhaustive detail. He has cited most of the relevant authorities and, to illustrate each point, has included long quotations from the appropriate official documents. As a result it will be of great and lasting interest to the student of colonial history but for that very reason it will hardly be attractive to the general reader, anxious to obtain easily some idea of how the colony has developed.

The colony was formerly a Dutch possession, administered through varying changes of fortune by the Dutch West India Company, and, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, was formally ceded to Great Britain. It was, at that time, composed of the three colonies of Demerara, Essequebo and Berbice, until in 1831, under the governorship of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, these three were united into what we now call British Guiana. During the next twenty years, there was a series of disputes between the legislature and the executive, especially, in the 'forties, over the Civil List. In the middle 'fifties, however, any attempts at reform were left in abeyance for nearly thirty years. After that time some further attempts were made and, in 1928, the constitution was radically reformed. The last sections in Sir Cecil Clementi's book are devoted to a critical and detailed analysis of this, the present, constitution under which the colony is governed. In the numerous appendices are to be found the various official documents to which the writer refers in the text.

In a work of this magnitude, written with exactitude and care, the result of experience and research, it is a pity that one has to complain of the absence of an index and a map.

JAMES CURRIE.

SOMETHING OF MYSELF. By RUDYARD KIPLING. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

CLOSE ON the series of extracts in the *Morning Post* that have whetted our appetites, comes the book itself, Kipling's Autobiography, with its unassuming title. It is the simple story of a very humble soul, a hero " debunking " himself; explaining how he did it, as Mr. Maskelyne or a sleight-of-handist shows his tricks, everything so simple till you try and find that without some almost divine afflatus the simple tricks are far beyond your ken and compass. Kipling tells his story from the very beginning, and that bitter childhood with the cruel woman of the lesser Puritan stock,

of which he wrote in *Baa Baa Blacksheep*. Those of us who knew always understood it was his own story. Here we have it even down to the Naval officer sore wounded at Navarino. The story of his life as a sub-editor at Lahore, and all he learnt and how he met his *Soldiers Three* is charming reading. With the few pounds that he amassed from his early writings, he started the first world tour, that led to the *Seven Seas*, the *Five Nations*, *Letters of Marque*, and the like. His first acquaintance with the United States was rather grim, and they pirated his wares disgracefully,* so that he cursed them with a deep and bitter curse, expunged from his completer editions. They were soon to take him to their arms and give him his wife, and the story of his early married life and struggles is told with the charm that one would expect ; simply told almost without pride or even satisfaction.

He tells us how he found by chance the incidents that gave rise to his stories and the sources from which his mosaics were inlaid, till you almost shout aloud " How simple !"

Through it all runs the thread of his father's whimsical criticisms, always helpful, and sound advice, as well as his mother's scolding when he touched what were then forbidden subjects : " Don't you do that again." This after *A Wayside Comedy* had appeared, and Francis Adams, the critic, called him " The Prophet of Adultery," which he most certainly was not. The Very Own, and ever-ever house of Batemans at Burwash, that dates from James I and earlier, is charmingly described, and how he came to it via the Naulahka in Brattle, U.S.A., Tisbury, Wilts, the little Dutch House lent by Cecil Rhodes near to Groote Schuur, and the Burne-Jones House at Rottingdean. There in the promised land was the heart of Sussex and old England laid bare for us. True to his vein of debunking, he tells of how he wrote the stories in *Puck of Pooks Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*, and of the historical shots into the blue that he sometimes made and got away with, and you might think that any mug could get away with it also, so simply does Kipling tell it all.

It must be read by tired men in an armchair to assimilate the restfulness of the life-story, but at the end, as he describes his own study, the last page closes with a sentence that reads from the grave. " Left and right of the table were two big globes, on one of which a great airman had once outlined in white paint routes to the East and Australia which were well in use before my death " (*sic*).

LT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE MACMUNN.

* This was before the Copyright Act.

UP AND DOWN THE SCALE. By DETTMAR DRESSEL. *Selwyn and Blount.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

IN THESE days when all and sundry deem it incumbent upon them to write books about themselves one approaches a volume of this description with caution and a certain amount of apprehension. No one need feel any qualms about *Up and Down the Scale*, however, for although it does not aspire to be more than a volume of reminiscences Mr. Dettmar Dressel has had a full life and has obviously enjoyed every minute of it. He has " been places and seen things "—and done things too.

Mr. Dressel was born in the atmosphere of the South Kensington Academy of Music, which was founded by his father. He attended the preparatory school of the kindly James Bewsher before entering St. Paul's and on the early death of his mother he was sent to Weimar. He returned to England to become the first London pupil of Wilhelmj, then in his prime, and later studied under Ysaye. Mr. Dressel is perhaps best known to-day as the founder of the Dettmar Dressel Trio Circle, which is now in its thirteenth season.

During his career as a violinist Mr. Dressel has met, on varying terms of intimacy, many of the world's celebrities, musical and otherwise, and he has good stories and anecdotes to relate about most of them. Moreover, most of his stories are new. The most interesting feature of this book, however, is the attractive and intimate portrait of Wilhelmj who, despite his idiosyncrasies, seems to have been as big in mind and soul as he was in body.

Up and Down the Scale is unpretentious and its author is modest. The episodic style in which it is written makes it rather unsuitable for reading at length, but it is a first-class bedside book and will be a veritable gold-mine for after-dinner speakers. I wonder, by the way, why Mr. Dressel calls Schubert, the violinist and composer of the popular little piece *L'Abeille*, " Francois." He was born in Dresden and surely was as much a " Franz " as his more illustrious namesake " Franz Peter."

W. A. CHISLETT.

SCEPTICISM AND POETRY. By D. G. JAMES. *George Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

IT HAS been said that in periods which are philosophically and socially sure of themselves criticism is mainly preoccupied with the classification of literature; whereas, in periods like our own, which are conscious of no community of belief, the critic finds himself driven into the position of an apologist who finds it difficult not only to justify, but even to maintain the existence of any such thing as creative art. The exclusive pursuit of theoretical æsthetics appears in some sense, therefore, to be a symptom of creative debility in an age. By this criterion Mr. James is certainly characteristic

of his time. His concern is not so much with poetry as with theories of poetry. One cannot help feeling that his aim is to find a place for poetry in a philosophical order of the world.

Mr. James takes as his starting point Coleridge's theory of the imagination, which in itself is a commendation of his book, since it is most gratifying to find attention being paid to one of the greatest minds that was ever devoted to the study of poetry. Coleridge's theory of the imagination, it will be remembered, was largely derived from Kant, whose writings converted Coleridge from belief in the validity of associationist psychology. In brief, the position which Mr. James takes up, following Kant and Coleridge, is that the imagination plays an integral part in all perception. The everyday world, the " objects " of common sense, he would describe as the result of the synthetic activity of the imagination working upon sense data. These imaginative syntheses in their turn provide the material for the understanding or conceptualist faculty. This function of the imagination is what Coleridge calls the " primary imagination." Poetry according to Coleridge and Mr. James is the product of the " secondary imagination " which in Coleridge's words is " an echo of the former, co-existing with the conscious will and yet still identical with the primary in the *kind* of its agency, and differing only in *degree*, and in the *mode*, of its operation." The exercise of the secondary imagination, according to Mr. James, arises out of the necessity felt by the poet for a " coherent ordering of the world of his experience." On this basis he defines poetry as " the use of language in such a way as to convey awareness of the imaginative wholeness of objects or of their imagined unity."

It has not been possible in the scope of a brief review to do justice to the theme expounded in Mr. James's thoughtful and erudite book. Any theory of poetry, it seems, must in practice be inadequate, Mr. James's no less than those of other men, as I think is indicated by his attempt at a definition of poetry. Poetical theorists inevitably make out poetry to be much more nearly a branch of metaphysics than it is, and Mr. James is no exception. Maybe it is best to think of poetry as " memorable speech " and leave it at that. Mr. James, however, has written a stimulating book, the more welcome in that it adopts a point of view opposed to that of the more fashionable theorists in general and to that of Mr. I. A. Richards of Cambridge in particular. GILBERT ARMITAGE.

THE LIFE OF PAUL GAUGIN. BY ROBERT BURNETT. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 15*s.*

GAUGIN AND Van Gogh are the two modern painters whose lives continue to attract attention. The dramatic interest in the lives

of these artists holds more excitement for the larger public than does the more prosaic life of most painters, who, from 1850 onwards, were, as a rule, satisfied with a milder form of divergence from the average middle-class existence, which is generally called Bohemianism.

But Gaugin could not live in the Parisian environment, and had to change climate and habits in order to find himself, very unlike the modern abstract artist who does not want to surrender his place in civilized society and works in his studio, as the scientist works in his laboratory.

Mr. Burnett's book is a straightforward and highly readable account of an artist in quest of Paradise lost. His experiences in Polynesia convince the reader that poverty was the Serpent in the Garden of Tahiti, and had he been provided with even modest means, he would have found peace.

The story of his childhood which is not so well known as his later life, is very ably handled by Mr. Burnett. The figure of his fiery grandmother, and the tame lunatic, tied to the roof of the parental home in Peru, are two characters which one cannot easily forget.

Psychologists might find a connecting link between the early incidents of his life, his later association with Van Gogh, and his final escape to Tahiti.

Mr. Burnett's book is purely biographical, and is not intended to be a critical appreciation of Gaugin's work.

Gaugin himself says, as quoted by Mr. Burnett, "*vous connaissez . . . ce que j'ai voulu etablir : le droit de tout oser,*" a statement which tends to prove that he was a pioneer, more daring in his life than in his art. His case provided the first spectacular instance of an artist completely breaking away from the dominant nineteenth-century middle-class ideals of life and art. His savage and natural romanticism ties up only very indirectly with the modern movement in art, though he certainly helped to pave the way for Picasso, and the Surrealists might claim him as a forerunner, the friend of Mallarmé and admirer of Poe.

As a painter he cannot be compared with Cezanne, for depth or decision, but his life-story will remain an inspiration to writers and artists. The same spirit animated him which inspired D. H. Lawrence, a guest for the dark gods of exotic countries. Those who want to follow the life-story of this passionate and uncompromising soul cannot do better than read Mr. Burnett's biography.

EILEEN AGAR.

THE PORCH. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
HERE TO-DAY. By PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. *Chapman & Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
THE WHITE HORSES OF VIENNA. By KAY BOYLE. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
UNDER THE SUGAR PLUM TREE. By HANS DUFFY. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"EVEN IF you are no poet, Mr. Erskine," said the Warden of New College, "even if you are no poet I would advise you to continue the practice of writing verse, for it will have a beneficial effect on your prose style." The Warden knew the tricks of the trade. Mr. Church, however, is a poet, and a good one. His novels, which appear at sensibly spaced intervals, bear the marks of that concentrated attention to language and the form of words which is essentially a poet's characteristic. This makes them very pleasant to read, an agreeable change after the second-hand competent but pedestrian language of the vast majority of the terrifying mass of modern fiction.

In *The Porch*, Mr. Church draws on his own early experiences as a Civil Servant. His chief characters are two young men, in the chemical department of the Customs House. Both are of a markedly intellectual type and both make heroic struggles—sacrifices of food and leisure, to capture by intensive night-swotting the intellectual-cum-artistic life they desire, and to escape from the hideously dreary routine of their daily jobs which are almost entirely without prospects. John Quickshott, the middle-class member of the pair, is the son of a schoolmistress brought up in "an environment of culture" by his mother. Mouncer, his friend, is the proletarian—a poet, burning himself up with frustrated creative energy and latent tuberculosis. Quickshott believes in Mouncer's genius, and devotes himself trying to help him escape. But Mouncer dies just after passing the examination that would have set him free.

The note of tragedy and waste which hangs over the lives of these two is genuine and convincing. Mr. Church has taken infinite pains over details and background. The book is really moving. It calls to mind those pale, shabby, thin-faced young men whom you see in tubes reading cheap editions of the classics, with fierce concentration, apparently immune from the chaotic squash around them.

Miss Hansford Johnson has made a thoroughly well-deserved reputation for herself by a realistic corner in modern suburbs. She is an admirably intelligent and effective writer who refuses to make the smallest compromise with the demands of the circulating libraries for pulpy romance and characters who "are not all so horribly unpleasant all the time." She is also a keen observer and a connoisseur of horror, the squalid dreary horror peculiar to

England in this century, horrible ugliness, silliness and frightfulness in speech, clothes, love-making and general behaviour, and she writes so well she deserves to be quoted:

"Now the bar was empty. The lonely spirits of afterwards took possession, rising brown and amber from the slops in the glasses, grey from the ashes upon the floor. . . ."

Here is part of a scene between father and son, the total effect of which is quite agonising:

"The boy found his mouth and the words gushed out: 'I'm sick of seeing you pick on Mum, if you want to know! Pick, pick, pick, the whole time, that's you.'

"Bert recognized his own idiom. 'Don't you dare ape me, you little swine!'

"'And don't you get funny with Mum, making her all upset. If she gets to know that you go over to Tessie Waghorn's at night, I'll . . .'"

Many of the characters in *Here To-day* are nearer the proletarian side of the lower middle-class boundary than in Miss Hansford Johnson's previous books. There are several characters interrelated by a variety of ties from family to blackmail. The local pub, itself in a state of fugitive transition like nearly everything else in the suburban scene, forms the arena of much of the action. There is a good deal of sex, a very unpleasant dotty blackmailer who comes to an accidentally violent end. It is agreeable to note that when, as happens in this book, Miss Hansford Johnson's romantic sympathies are aroused and she describes a pleasantly tender love affair between a boy and a girl, she glides, with complete naturalness, into a lyrical mood.

Miss Kay Boyle is writing better and better. This is the first volume of her short stories to be published in England, and it ought to be read a good deal. I prefer her short stories to her novels. Miss Boyle is a serious writer who tries very hard at her work. She is also a natural writer; one of those who ought to be encouraged. Sometimes she is, perhaps, a little too intense, but that is probably a temperamental characteristic. The stories in *White Horses of Vienna* cover a wide range of people, places, and moods, from light comedy to tragedy, from Austria to Ireland. The sense of doom which hangs over our age and to which we are all becoming so accustomed, is present in others besides the title story, whose theme is the intrusion of political strife into the life of a pleasant, simple, civilized Austrian doctor. I thought the best of the tragic stories was the one about an Irish girl being removed to an asylum.

(Miss) Hans Duffy writes very like a woman, in which there is no harm. She is good at being light and staying intelligent without lapsing into silliness. *Under the Sugar Plum Tree* is about a girl who has had a row with her very unpleasant Labour Party careerist lover, and goes to stay with a vigorous woman who keeps a museum in a little Dutch port. She meets several queer characters, including a mystical cum Yogistic count. Then her odious ex-lover arrives in his patron's yacht. The end is abrupt and funny. Hans Duffy gets, as I have said, a high mark for intelligence and entertainment. Her weak point is construction, which is too loose.

MAURICE L. RICHARDSON.

SHORTER NOTICES

MEMORIES OF JOHN GALSWORTHY. By HIS SISTER. *Robert Hale.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

LETTERS OF John Galsworthy, some to his family, some to writers, and some to publishers. They are varied and interesting, and his sister has a pleasant introduction to them, in which she tells us that the sketch "Awakening" is practically a description of his own early life, and many of the traits of old Jolyon are drawn from his father.

COMPANY DRILL. By K. M. BRUCE. *Chapman & Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS IS yet another novel of a family extending over several generations. There has been so much of this that one opens it with some misgiving; but the authoress has treated her subject with skill and address.

NO ESCAPE. By R. SWINGLER. *Chatto & Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MR. SWINGLER endeavours to write with distinction and thought, but the result is somewhat uneven; the general effect of this story about the rather peculiar people who in novels always seem to live in country houses, is not unsatisfactory.

CARIBBEAN ADVENTURE AND OTHER STORIES. By MARY GANN. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

SHORT STORIES in the setting of British Honduras. Mrs. Gann knows her subject, and has produced a pleasant collection of rather slight short stories.

ONLY PAIN IS REAL. By R. WESTERBY. *Arthur Barker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A NOVEL of the tough American school, which contains some good descriptions of the Ring, and of those whose lives centre around it.

THE BELLE OF BALI. By A. S. WADIA. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

MR. WADIA has written a very attractive account of what, from his description, must be a very delightful island. Messrs. Dent are particularly to be congratulated on the production of this book, with its numerous fine illustrations.

JAMES THE FIRST, KING OF SCOTS. By E. W. M. BALFOUR-MELVILLE. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

AN AUTHORITATIVE and well documented account of King James I of Scotland. Mr. Balfour Melville is to be congratulated on the great research which this book contains. It is primarily a book for the expert or the student, but members of the ordinary public would find a good deal to interest them in it. The book should, however, have been produced in larger print, better spaced, and with considerably more margin. In its present form it is unnecessarily difficult to read.

THE SCREAMING LAKE. By S. FOWLER WRIGHT. *Robert Hale.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS IS a book of a type best identified by a quotation. Thus, on page 131, we read:

"'Damn the Devils!' he said, 'they must have got the girl now.' He looked up to the edge of the pit with the impulse of a rescue he was powerless to make, and relapsed with a futile curse."

BATTLEFIELD OF THE GODS. By PÁL KELEMEN. *Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

AN INTERESTING and scholarly account of Mexico, touching on its art and history, as well as its customs. It is pleasantly illustrated and well produced, though some might prefer a slightly larger print.

Correspondence

To the Editor, *English Review*.

SIR—The sophistry contained in Mr. Sydney Salomon's letter cannot be left unchallenged. He describes the article on "The New Germany," by Mr. Randolph Hughes, as "merely a piece of propaganda." The dictionary, however, tells us that propaganda means the diffusing of particular doctrines. No unbiased reader of the article in question could possibly accuse the writer of disseminating any particular tenet. The fact is that Mr. Hughes came, saw, and was convinced of the good works performed by the Authorities of the third Reich. In my humble opinion to dub such reports as propaganda is both erroneous and mischievous.

Again, the fact that Mr. Hughes refrained from expatiating on the Jewish problem speaks rather for his objectivity and not for his subjectivity, as Mr. Salomon would have us believe.

Furthermore, to assert that Mr. Hughes places the mentality of twentieth-century Germany on a par with the thirteenth century by his reference to our then treatment of the Jews is a *non sequitur*, since the Jew as a political factor in the latter century was practically impotent, whereas to-day this is very far from being the case.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,

10 Frankfurterstrasse,
Wiesbaden, Germany.

C. P. DUFFIN.

To the Editor, *English Review*,

SIR—In your current issue Mr. Anthony Ludovici refers admiringly to the "therapeutic" silence imposed upon the German people by Adolf Hitler to "heal" them of the effects of democratic chatter.

One would have thought that silence, in order to be healing, must include not only abstention from talk, but freedom from being talked *at*; and, by implication, opportunity to think. My impression, after a recent visit to Germany, is that the German people are now the most talked-at in the world. They live under an avalanche of words; in a thunder of phrases. From Press and platform, from radio, film and poster, they are talked at—nay, roared at—from morn to midnight. Not only no individual voice, but no individual thought can live in such a din.

There is no silence in the New Germany. The noise continues; only instead of being choral, as in the democracies, it is all in one voice—the Hitler-Hess-Goering-Goebbels voice, declaiming through a vast megaphone. If this be silence, give me Babel.

Yours, etc.,

D. E. ESTCOURT.

To the Editor, *English Review.*

SIR—Mr. S. P. B. Mais, in his interesting article on "Occupational Clubs for the Unemployed," which appears in the current issue of the ENGLISH REVIEW, refers to the work of "An Order of friends" as though it were that of the Society of Friends (Quakers). It is due, however, to the Society of Friends that we should point out that, whilst members of the Society have been associated with the work since its inception, and that the work owes deeply to Friends for their interest and support, it is not the work of the Society.

The group responsible for the work to which Mr. Mais refers is now known as "An Order of friends," a body in no way officially connected with the Society of Friends (Quakers). "An Order of friends" now directs experiments in several other districts, including the venture which has become widely known as the Subsistence Production Scheme. We should be pleased to send any of your readers who care to apply an account of the activities of the Order if they will write to:

An Order of friends,
Plaw Hatch,
Bodenham Road,
Hereford.

Yours faithfully,
PETER SCOTT.